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MARCH, 1890.

No. 4.

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them.

They master us and force us into the arena,

Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.



Rev. HOWARD CROSBY . . . . Frontispiece. PAGE Rev. M. J. SAVAGE . . . . . Pan's Revenge 375 Rabbi SOLOMON SCHINDLER The Present Aspect of Religious Thought in Germany 379 Rev. HOWARD CROSBY . . . . Rum and the Rum Power 396 HELENA MODJESKA Reminiscences of Debuts in Different Lands (Second Paper) 403 H. H. GARDENER . Divorce and the Proposed National Law 413 A. C. WHEELER . . . . . . The Extinction of Shakespeare 423 A. A. CHEVAILLIER . . . . . . . Constitutional Liberty 432 EMILY KEMPIN, LL. D. . . . The Alienist and the Law 441 NO-NAME SERIES, No. 1 . . . . . The Glory of To-Day 446 Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. The Bible and Man's Destiny Through Eternity Hon. A. B. RICHMOND, Is There a To-Morrow for the Human Race? 464 JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE . . . . . What is Religion? 477 T. PARKER EDWARDS, Social Progress and Spiritual Development 487

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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Among the Leading Contributions to the April ARENA will be

### RELIGION, MORALITY, AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

A masterly argument

By REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

### GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION,

A reply to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll,
By Bishop J. L. SPALDING.

# DIVORCE, AND THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT,

The second paper of a series giving the views of leading thinkers on this great problem,

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### THE MASK OF TYRANNY,

An argument against socialism,

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

### A SYMPOSIUM "ON WHITE CHILD SLAVERY,"

In which appear the names of the following brilliant and original thinkers, who will present the different phases of the subject as it appears to them in the striking manner that distinguishes their efforts:

HELEN CAMPBELL,

JENNIE JUNE.

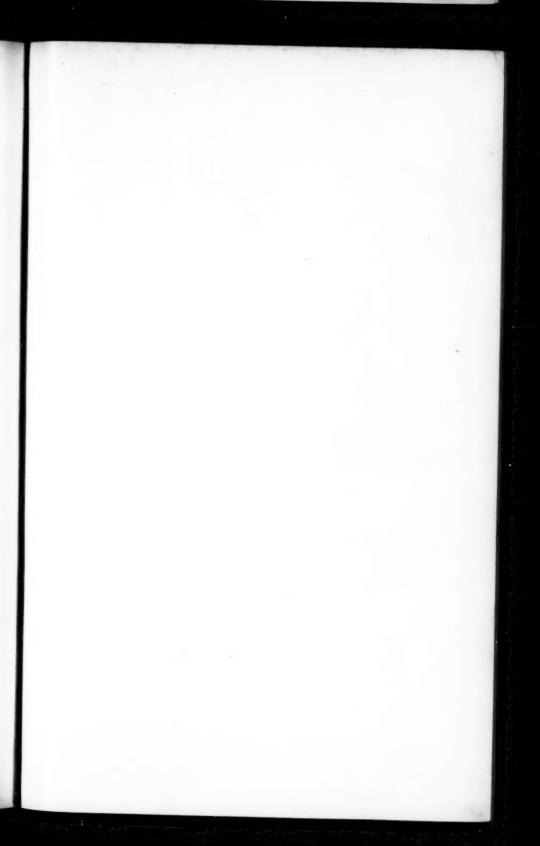
SOLOMON SCHINDLER,

F. KELLY WISCHNERVETZKY,

A. A. CHEVALLIER.

C. ORCHARDSON.

A number of striking papers by leading thinkers will also be found in the April Arena, together with a continuation of Mr. Murray's remarkable prose poem, UNGAVA.





Morand Goody

## THE ARENA.

No. IV.

MARCH, 1890.

### PAN'S REVENGE.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

The legend runs that, at the hour of the agony of Jesus on the cross, when he cried out, "It is finished," certain mariners heard a wailing voice sound over the sea, "Great Pan is dead!" Immediately the Oracles became silent, for Paganism had expired.

Across the waves there swept a tone
As if the dying gods made moan.
The mariners (with faces white,
And parted lips, and hush of fright),
The while they furled their sails, stood still with dread
As wailed the dolorous cry: "Great Pan is dead!"

There came, borne on the wild winds free,
A sob of mortal agony
From One, who, more than mortal, cried
"Tis finished!" as the sad day died:
Then wailed Olympus to the answering sea,
"Lo! thou hast conquered, man of Galilee!"

One summer, on a wondrous night,
Whose round moon flooded with her light
The modern city's Papal dome,
And crumbling ruins of old Rome,
I sat upon the Coliseum's wall,
And dreamed how earth's great empires rise and fall.

I thought how, through the day just gone, From church to church I'd wandered on, Had seen in rite and heard in prayer Old Pagan Rome still living there: And as I mused, my lips moved and I said,— "And is it true Christ lives, and Pan is dead?"

When, rising on the evening wind From Tiber's banks, where he'd reclined The sultry afternoon all through, Pan\* came; and on his reed he blew The same old music that the gods had thralled, Or charmed the nymphs to follow where he called.

And as he piped, I seemed to hear The winds as voices in my ear: -"I take more shapes than Proteus; they Who thought the great god Pan to slay But little dreamed, when they had sealed my doom, That I should spring new-christened from the tomb.

" For still the city is my home, And I reign over 'Christian' Rome. What boots it that the names are new, While rites and prayers and service due Are paid as when the yellow Tiber rolled Past the Pantheon with its dome of gold?

"The thronging pilgrims come from far To Peter's grand basilica; But, wearing Christian Peter's name, Stands Tonans Jupiter the same, Exalted still within the highest place: They kiss his foot and sue his ancient grace.

"Though under other forms it be, Still reigns my mystic Trinity: And Isis-Mary from the Nile, On Horus-Jesus‡ still doth smile. The goddess-mother and the Virgin birth— My old-time dream — still dominate the earth.

<sup>\*</sup> Pan was the wind-god. He slept through the heat, and waked to play his pipe at evening. He also stood as representative of universal

the so-called statue of Peter is really a bronze statue of Jupiter Tonans, the Thunderer.

† The Virgin mother and her child belonged to more than one pagan religion. In one case, at least, the statue of them is ancient Egyptian re-christened. This particular Mary and Jesus is really Isis and Horus.

"When comes the winter solstice, all Still hold my Saturn's carnival; The sun-god's birthay sets the date, And with his rites they celebrate Their Jesus' unknown birth; the wood-god's tree Still lures to town the sylvan deity.\*

"Still Eastert keeps alive the tale Of her who, rapt from Enna's vale, The sad earth mourned through wintry hours, Till back from hell, all crowned with flowers, She came, the goddess fair of light and bloom -Earth's prisoned life burst from her frozen tomb!

"My Buddha's 'vanity of life,' His hermit, fled from child and wife; The fear of nature; ‡ and the awe Of magic put in place of law; The mumbled prayer, the pessimistic wail — All these tell o'er again the old-time tale.

"High o'er the altar and the door, On darkened windows painted o'er -That fitly shut out natural light -My emblems still my soul delight: The naked church, if stripped of what was mine, Were bare of symbol, robe, and rite, and sign.§

"Their heaven is not so fair the while As was my blest Elysian Isle; And never pagan oracle Voiced such a god as built their hell. My heaven was human; and I knew no air That echoed with a measureless despair.

"But for their wondrous Nazarene, That star-soul, lofty and serene, Their whole religion is my own: I sit, baptized, on Peter's throne.

† It is well known that the origin of Easter is the Spring's resurrection. See story of Persephone.

vanity of life and the doctrine that all matter is evil,-these ideas are importations from Oriental paganism.

§ Every rite and symbol of Christianity may be found in the older

religions

|| See Greek and Roman doctrines as to future life.

<sup>\*</sup> The Christmas evergreens are a relic of the pagan worship of a woodgod. By bringing the trees into the houses it was supposed that he would be induced to follow.

While rite and dogma and the priestly power Usurp Christ's place, still lasts my ancient hour."

A spirit's mocking laughter blew
The crumbling gates and arches through;
While low the wind sank, and the moon
The temples mellowed with night's noon:
And in the arena's shadows down below
Fought once again the shades of long ago.

I lived the "Christian" centuries o'er,—
The papal pomp; the Corso's roar;
The purchased sin; the banished thought;
The hindrance to man's progress wrought;
The real Christ still 'neath the Church's ban,—
And then I said: "Thou art, revenged, O Pan!"

# THE PRESENT ASPECT OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN GERMANY.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

To catch sunbeams, sift them and bake cake of them would be comparatively an easier task than to catch the thoughts of people, separate from them that part which relates to religious sentiment and describe the condition in which this latter substance presents itself to us. If the religious thoughts of the people were located somewhere, so that we need only to step near and examine their condition, or if by examination of the brains taken from a number of skulls we could know what the persons who owned these brains thought of religion, there would be a possibility of obtaining satisfactory results; but as such is not the case, it occurs to me that before I endeavor to speak of the condition of religious thought in Germany, I ought to tell the reader how one can obtain such knowledge or is able to catch this volatile spirit and to force it into materialization.

Some may perhaps think that the religious thoughts of a people tally with the ideas which the different churches or religious denominations present in their various platforms; the observer, however, will find that the people are always far ahead of the dogmas which the churches teach. They acquiesce in them partly because they are too indifferent to challenge them, partly because they have not yet found new ones wherewith to replace them, and partly because they do not wish to be first in the field but would rather leave others to take the lead. Not until a dogma or religious idea has become so obsolete or so obnoxious that it is unbearable will they destroy and bury it. The doctrines taught by the churches are, therefore, not a true representation of the religious thought of the people.

Others may think we shall meet these thoughts in the writings of the most talented and genial literary men of a given period; but this also is a mistake. The writer either gives his personal conception of a thing - and this is not always shared by the masses,-or holding a certain leading position in a religious community and wishing to preserve it, feels constrained to compromise between the two extremes and defend a position which he would otherwise be inclined to relinquish;—or he fears to be misunderstood, and starting from the supposition that the people have not yet risen to the height of perception upon which he stands, he offers them only so much as he thinks they can digest, and so obscures the whole.) We should be utterly mistaken if, opening the authorized catechisms of the religious denominations in Germany we should say: "Eureka! here I have struck upon the religious thought of the German people!" but we should be as much mistaken if we should argue from the writings of Hartman, Schopenhauer, Ritchel, Kaftan, or Wellhausen upon the condition of religious thought in Germany.

Neither can we arrive at the truth by approaching persons and asking what they think about this or that religious question. People are not ready to open the sanctuary of their heart to everyone who knocks at its door. They will either answer evasively or in a guarded manner, if they do not pre-

fer to lead the inquirer entirely off the track.

There is but one way to come somewhat nearer to the solution of the riddle; we must mingle among people, seek them wherever they are to be found, in their churches, their places of amusements, their shops and counting-rooms; we must seek to win their confidence, pick up phrases which they drop here and there, and induce them to show themselves to us as they are. German poets tell of spirits that would come and aid men in their work but who wished not to be seen. People who could not suppress their curiosity would, therefore, hide in dark corners or sift fine sand upon the floor that thus they might be able to catch a glimpse of them or behold their footprints. In a similar way we must hide our curiosity and be satisfied if here and there, now and then, the spirit allows us to catch a glimpse of him. We must, furthermore, not confine our researches to one class of people or to one religious sect, but to all classes and all sects. We must endeavor to draw out the statesmen as well as the plain

laborer, the rich as well as the poor, the old as well as the young, the learned as well as the ignorant, the intelligent as well as the dull, and after having accumulated sufficient material, we must systematize and analyze it, and thus we may then arrive at some conception of the condition of relig-

ious thought in a given country.

This has been the modus operandi which I chose in order to learn the actual present condition of religious thought in my native country. I collected the material in the different strata of society and became personally convinced that I had been told the truth. If, however, I should be asked to cover with statistical proofs every one of my assertions or to place those persons from whom I have received my information upon the witness-stand to be cross-examined by all whom my descriptions will not suit, I should be at a loss, and I feel that without the confidence of my readers, in both my ability to inquire and the honesty of purpose which led me to in-

quire, all my descriptions will be worthless.

People who believe that religion has come down upon man from Heaven in perfect form and that, therefore, it has never undergone and never will undergo any changes; that all attempts to alter and improve it are sacrilegious because man ought not to alter and can never improve the work of his Creator; or that it is due to such vain endeavors that religion has retrograded, and people have become corrupt, yea, more so than they ever were before, - all such will also deny that the progress which the human race has made during the last century in science has had or could have had any effect upon the religious thought of people. They fail to see that inasmuch as the universe has grown larger through the discoveries which have been made by astronomers, the conception of the God who is to rule and govern a so much larger domain must have undergone some changes; they fail to see that the subjection of steam and electricity to the human will, bringing the inhabitants of this globe into nearer and closer connection with one another, must have tended at the same time to produce a far different conception of the common brotherhood of all men in the thoughts of people than was held before; they fail to see that through the invention of the press and wide-spread education the minds of people have been made more flexible, and thus more sceptical and critical, and that, therefore, they would no longer bind themselves to the opinions of one authorized man, but would think for themselves after collecting the views and opinions of many distinguished and trustworthy people; they fail to see that on account of all this the religious conceptions of a people must have undergone a tremendous change, no matter whether the churches are conscious of it or not, or have authorized such a transforma-

tion of thought or not.

Those who have freed themselves from such a belief, and have observed the inroads made by the science of the present century upon the thoughts of this generation, will easily understand that the religious conceptions of people also must have been transformed, whether this is acknowledged or not. Can it be expected that man should have progressed in one sphere of thought and remained behind in another? Do not all our mental qualities affect one another, and has it not been proven many times that the religious views of people are the very outcome, the very bloom of their knowledge and intelligence? These changes in religious thought naturally manifest themselves in different ways according to the more or less free flight which they are allowed to take in one or the other country. The religious toleration, or rather the religious liberty which is constitutionally granted to the people of the United States of America, has permitted these changes to take their normal course, and thus we find that the condition of religious thought in America can easily be ascertained both from the declaration of the multitudinous denominations and from the attitude taken by the public press toward religion.

These favorable conditions for the manifestation of religious thought were lacking in Germany, and it is, therefore, not at all astonishing that religion has assumed there that hypocritical appearance which at first sight makes the observer believe that the days of mediæval credulity are to be revived, but which on closer examination shows him that this orthodoxy is assumed merely to hide the most shocking

irreligion.)

The condition of religious thought in rural districts differs somewhat from that found in the great centres of population; and on the other hand, the principal denominations, the Catholics, the Protestants, and the Jews, and if I am allowed to add a fourth, the Free Religionists, have followed different routes, by which, however, they have arrived at nearly the

same mode of reasoning.

It is a well-known fact that all over the world conservativism, not alone in matters of religion but in all others, finds its stronghold in what is called the country, while the cities are known to favor progressive movements of every kind. In villages one neighbor knows the next even if he lives a He not only knows him but every half a mile away. member of his family, and is familiar not alone with his work, but with his ideas, his aspirations, and ambitions; and while thus judging others, he feels that also he is known and judged by his neighbor. Thus each fears the criticism of the other, and that he may become an object of discussion if he places himself outside the customary circles by some extraordinary He prefers to remain unnoticed rather than to rise to notoriety which may not only exclude himself, but also his family, from the customary intercourse with his neighbors. The church, furthermore, is in a village, the only place where the monotony of daily life is broken; the pastor is in the true sense of the word the advisor of the people, and having the sanction of the government, is recognized as authority. Here in America where the State does not meddle with religious affairs, the pastor is dependent upon the good will of his parishioners, goes for advice to his deacons, and only in exceptional cases a deacon comes to him for counsel. In Europe and especially in Germany, villages have only one church and one pastor who receives a liberal salary and whose actions are supported by the government. He supervises the schools, attends the weddings of his parishioners, stands by their bedside in sickness to console them or prepare them for the hour of parting, and finally follows them to the grave. His opinion is, therefore, respected not only in regard to religion but in regard to politics or other worldly matters. It takes a courageous man to lead a faction in a village to vote in opposition to the party which follows the lead of the pastor. As the pastor need fear no rival that might outshine him in eloquence and draw away members of his church, he becomes in course of time more and more indifferent, and instead of endeavoring to enlighten his flock becomes satisfied that their happy ignorance is bliss to them and should, therefore, not be disturbed. As long as they behave fairly well, he will let well enough alone, and his weekly sermons, dull and uninteresting as they are, are attended, because each fears his absence will be noticed. Otherwise the sermons remain

without any influence upon the hearers.

Notwithstanding all this, even villagers have begun of late to look upon their pastors with distrust. On the sly they whisper to one another that the Biblical stories of which he preaches week after week seem to lack probability and they doubt whether he himself believes them. Those who have happened to receive a better education than the village school offered, and who have found time for reading, have come to disbelieve entirely in the dogmas of their church. While on Sunday forenoon for decency's sake the representative of this class puts on his best coat, goes to church, joins in the singing of the hymns and awaits with half closed eyes the final Amen of the preacher, he holds in his pocket a paper which in a most radical way denounces all and every religion, which speaks of the clergy as a class of people not to be tolerated and of government officials as drones in the social bee-hive. In the afternoon hours he withdraws to the privacy of his bedroom and delights in reading these effusions. When he meets his pastor he will make a fist, but keep that fist well hidden in his pocket, while with the other hand he will humbly take off his hat and bow deeply before the parson. In course of time these secret liberalists, believing that they alone have found the truth and that nobody else has arrived at such a state of illumination, "Aufklaerung" they call it, will turn from their neighbors and instead of helping these to rise to the height on which they stand, will believe as does the pastor, that they should be kept in ignorance. Nothing is more natural than such a wish, for if the rest should grow so clever as they, what would become of themselves and their exalted position? In course of time they come to believe that they should show by their example the way for the rest to follow, and are, therefore, the very first to attend the church, support the pastor, and strengthen conservative ideas. them rarely knows what the other is doing, neither does he suspect that another may have been fed with the same literature as himself, and on closer examination the careful observer finds even in the smallest village a number — I say it with regret — of intelligent men, vying with one another to keep their neighbors in the dark, both in regard

to religion in general and to the opinions which they harbor

In cities the conditions are different; people may live in the same house for years and not know more of one another than that they have met occasionally at the door. Churches are not the only places where people can meet, but on the contrary, find their rivals in all sorts of places of amuse-While the individual is lost in the multitude and it requires more than usual ability to rise into notoriety, all are at greater liberty to express their opinion without the fear of being excluded from society on account of it. Better opportunities for study are given. Inasmuch as every official, be he city or state official, holds a tenure of office and is required to pass through a rigid examination before he is admitted into civil service, the Latin and High Schools are crowded with scholars who, when they enter life, are well fitted to think and reason for themselves. bureaucracy forms in Germany almost a caste for itself and lives in an atmosphere of its own. Its members consider themselves superior to those over whom they are set to govern and are considered so by them. In Germany the acquisition of knowledge creates a feeling of class distinctions and since time immemorial the scholarly classes in Germany have formed a kind of society for themselves that has looked down upon the rest as upon the common herd, so it is not to be wondered at that both the officials and the scholars who are found in larger numbers in cities than in country places should form a republic of liberal thinkers within a country otherwise governed by monarchs or priests.

Machinery, which of late has supplanted hand-labor and transformed the former workshop into a factory and the former journeyman into a factory-hand, has created what we now call the laboring classes (Arbeiter Klasse, Arbeiter In their struggle against capital, they found it necessary to combine if they were to carry on the fight with some prospect of success, and these labor unions, with their weekly or monthly meetings in which speech-making is the prime feature, have induced the laborers to inform themselves somewhat better on the burning questions of the day, to read and think for themselves. Finding nowhere help, they came to believe that only a radical overthrow of

all social conditions could benefit them; they began to oppose a government in which they had no voice and to doubt a religion which had nothing to give them except empty words and a promissory note upon Heaven, of which they were not sure that it would be redeemed. With the disbelief in royalty they came to link a disbelief in God, and while European governments argued that the former spirit of devotion to royalty had died away because of the atheistic tendencies of the age and took good care not alone to support religion but to win even the favor of the Pope, hoping thus to support their tottering thrones, it can be assumed more safely that the distrust in royalty, the disbelief in monarchical government, has been the source of all the atheistical tendencies of the present age. The laborers beholding king and priests united against their interests desired to overthrow both the State and the Church, both the king and God. While, however, the laborers who are numerous in the cities thus vitiated the religious atmosphere with their crude atheism and the learned officials and scholars with their agnosticism, the government, desirous of strengthening its authority, took recourse to the other extreme, to orthodoxy. It demanded that the young should receive a thorough training in religion, believing that the old dogmas, which had been the outcome of the living thought of a bygone age, could be still mated to the fresh life of to-day. Many hours in every week are devoted to religious instruction, and a boy who fails to pass the rigorous examination in religion cannot hope to be promoted to the next class, no matter how well he passes in the rest of his studies. Religion has become, therefore, a nightmare to the student, and he dreads the sight of the religious instructor. Instead of learning to love religion he has learned to hate it, and when he passes the final examination he enters into life not only a sceptic, an agnostic, an atheist, but an enemy to all religion.

It is really astonishing that under such conditions an explosion has not yet taken place but that apparently the reactionary element is in the ascendency. Yet the miracle is easily explained. The student in Germany either belongs to the well-to-do classes or aspires to a government position. In either case his interests are bound up with those of the government. While he himself finds ample nourishment in the scholarly literature which is generally written in

such a dry and scholastic way as to be understood only by scholars and to remain inattractive to the masses, he desires, as does the government, to keep the rest in the dark. He fears, as does the government, that the enlightenment of the masses would bring ruin upon himself; that if people should awake from slumber and throw off the yoke with which the State and the Church keep them down, he would be a sufferer. No matter what he thinks about State or Church, he wants others to look at both as authority and is ready, therefore, to defend a cause which in his inmost heart he despises or ridicules.

This state of affairs is by no means a new one; quite to the contrary, it has occurred frequently in the past and has been the forerunner of every reformation. It occurred during the first century of the present era, shortly before the final doom of Paganism, and reappeared shortly before the Reformation, when we find that the most scholarly men of that age, while they disbelieved their religion and scorned and satirized it in their secret conclaves, publicly appeared as most sincere advocates of the old system. All this taken together will afford the reader some conception at least of the condition of religious thought as it is to be found in the cities

of Germany. Whenever we speak of the different religious denominations living together upon German soil we must not adapt that conception to them which we have obtained here in One part of Germany belongs entirely to the America. Roman Catholic Church, and Protestants who live there are so decidedly in the minority that they do not at all affect the public opinion that surrounds them. In another part, however, the Protestant Church domineers, Catholics are the exception and being in the minority leave no impression whatsoever upon the community in which they live. Catholicism with its well regulated Hierarchy, its far-reaching influence penetrating every family, its power to grant or refuse all those rites which place a person outside of the religious community when not granted, wields, of course, a power which the individual can neither break nor with-The pompous ceremonials with which it appeals to the senses of the people, the beautiful churches which it builds, the costly pictures with which it decorates them, the gold-glittering garments in which its priests appear before

the public; all taken together give it a somewhat stronger grasp on the people. Having become accustomed to let others think for them and to merely join in the performance of rites and ceremonies, the people living in these Catholic districts are much more satisfied with their church than are those where the Protestant Church rules supreme. matter whether they believe sincerely in the dogmas out of which the ritual has grown or not, they adhere to the latter and thus it is much easier for them to cover their own disbelief. If you find your way to their confidence they will tell you singly that they do not believe one iota of what the church teaches, but that, inasmuch as the masses could not exist nor be governed without a religion, their own seems to be the best, in so far as it appeals to the senses and is a wellorganized body that commands respect. The ignorant masses, they will tell you, want something tangible; they cannot as yet comprehend God as a spirit, but want to see Him with their eyes or at least get an approximate conception of Him by means of pictures. What is called the "Idolatry" of Roman Catholicism, they say, is far from being such. Pictures and statues of the saints help the ignorant to clinch a truth which otherwise they would not be able to grasp. for themselves, they say they are lovers of art, and inasmuch as their sense for the beautiful is gratified by their church, it matters little to them whether a statue represents a Madonna or Magdalene, a Juno or Venus, they want to look at it and if it comes near to their ideals they worship in it, not the deity which the statue represents, but the "beautiful." In the "Kultur Kampf," - when the Protestant party of Germany that had gained ascendency through the elevation of the Protestant king of Prussia to the dignity of emperor of Germany, endeavored to strike a final blow at its antagonists,the members of the Catholic Church stood close together like a phalanx and repulsed every attack with such success that notwithstanding his boast, that he would not go to Canossa, Prince Bismarck had finally to yield. This battle was not fought, as many may suppose, by the Roman Catholic clergy alone nor were the forces directed from Rome. Both Rome and the clergy would not have availed if they had not been supported by a strong popular sentiment. The most intelligent men of Southern Germany, men who believe as little in the Pope or in Roman Catholic dogmas as does our Col.

Ingersoll, offered themselves as generals and fought bravely for the institution which they thought was best fitted to

rule the people that surrounded them.

In the Northern part of Germany where the Protestant Church dominates, there has been going on since the time of the reformation a process of disintegration which would have done greater damage, had not the government felt constrained to erect temporary dams against the flood. Protestantism and Republicanism are somewhat identical. A religious sect which apparently allows everyone to think for himself and which rejects the domineering influence of a common head, must naturally advocate that its adherents should think for themselves also in political matters and reject the domineering influence of a king. Whenever people say they are willing to let people think for themselves, they always harbor the secret hope that these "self-thinking" people will arrive at the same conclusions at which they have arrived. Yet when they find that by "thinking for themselves" these others arrive at other conclusions, they become just as impatient as the advocates of any of the many religions that have appeared on earth have ever been, and soon learn to resort to all kinds of intolerant means of forcing others to accept their own interpretation. Protestantism from its inception was based upon the principle of free research and, therefore, ought to have permitted the rise of all kinds of sects, as we see them flourish here upon free American soil. In Germany, however, they began partly to fear that they would lose all strength to oppose a common enemy, partly that politically they might be carried by the current into the much dreaded Republican form of government and, therefore, both the State and the acknowledged Church combined to suppress all new movements. A few sects only were able with difficulty to hold out by the side of the governing church, but this suppression of free thought by a church that was founded upon the demand for free thought brought about that state of hypocrisy which, as we find, is at present supreme in the northern part of Germany. After the force of the infallible head of the church was once broken, one generation after another began to question the authority of the preceding one, and when it was found they had been as liable to errors as had been their predecessors; when the old records were critically and scientifically examined, and found to offer no firmer ground for belief than did formerly the church authorities, people began to lose all faith in religion. The church itself did not attract them, the pastor appeared to them either an ignoramus or a hypocrite, and while the minds of people were thus thrown into a state of confusion no attempt was even made to work upon their senses. The bareness and dullness of the Protestant Church service estranged the masses from the church and, as a consequence, the churches are empty on a Sunday

morning while places of amusement are crowded.

This observation is not made by strangers alone; it has been made by many well-meaning people in Germany, and the question has arisen, how can this flood of irreligion which threatens to deluge the Protestant Church be stopped in time? They have found only one answer, namely, to establish a State Church, equip it with a more gorgeous ceremonial and persuade people to adhere to it, on the ground that it is necessary that people should be governed by some religion. The remedy might be a successful one if it could be applied, but while it requires merely money to build churches, establish a well organized priesthood, and furnish a ritual that might appeal better to the eyes and ears of people than does the present one, it is impossible to persuade people to support such a State Church with more than money. As long as somebody wants somebody to go to church, being unwilling himself to be that somebody; as long as somebody wants somebody else to believe dogmas which he is not willing to believe; so long will it be impossible to organize a successful State Church.

About thirty years ago a movement took place in Germany which was designed to clear religion from the superstition that was mixed up with it without harming or destroying religious sentiment itself. A number of men arose who being themselves more or less of a sentimental nature believed that people would love their religion better if they were not compelled to accept as true narratives against which their reason revolted; they established what was then called, "Free Religious Societies." The acknowledged head of the movement was Lebrecht Uhlich in Magdeburg. He and his colleagues had been Protestant pastors, but when their better conviction became too strong for them to be suppressed any longer they resigned their position and formed the above

named societies. Strange to say, not the well-to-do and educated classes but the middle classes, the laborers, crowded around them and drank in their words with eagerness. The government did what it could to suppress them and many a time were these men imprisoned on the charge of blasphemy, merely because they called things by the right name, and spoke of Jesus of Nazareth as of a man and not as of a God. Their martyrdom tied the people with still stronger bonds to them, yet after some time the movement died out and at present there are few if any of the many Free Religious Societies left in Germany. There were two reasons to explain this phenomenon.

In the first place while churches can hold together large numbers, free religious organizations cannot, because the moment a person begins to think for himself, he neither can nor will bind himself to any society or to any leading man. If his free religious tendencies are mere pretensions he will grow indifferent after a very short time; if he is faithful to his convictions he will never stand still but seek for new light wherever he can find it. Thus after he is done with one man and one organization he will seek another. As long as the originators of the movement had something new to tell their hearers, they were listened to, but when they had told all they had to tell they naturally lost power over them.

In the second place these leaders came to see, as will all conscientious religious partisans, that religion cannot be separated from life and that the speaker must not allow himself to be limited by a theological circle. They took hold of all questions which the stormy sea of life brought to the surface, and whereas their hearers were mostly laborers, they began to discuss labor questions and were soon looked upon as political ringleaders; if their hearers had followed their common sense advice all might have been well, but they did not; they grew restless, made all kinds of attempts to better their position and thus brought discredit upon their leaders. The government, the church, and the capitalists ascribed the social unrest and disturbance to the Free Religionists, predicted the entire overthrow of society and so scared the peaceful citizen away from such a dangerous element. Everyone who had anything to lose in a reorganization of social conditions came, therefore, to believe that what he called "the masses" could be held down and kept at peace much

better when they were subjugated by a strong church and made to believe both in the joys of a Heaven as a reward for their suffering on earth and in the eternal sufferings of hell, as punishment for the wicked desire to better their conditions in opposition to the will of God. A religious reaction took place and as in Biblical times the king of Moab sent as a last resort for Balaam the conjurer to protect him against the advancing host of Israel, the well-to-do classes in Germany called upon the priests to put down the dreaded spectre of It was too late, they forgot that they themselves belonged to the "masses" and that they could never make others believe what they did not believe themselves. Yet the Free Religious movement was crushed; people dared not avow openly that they were Free Religionists, much less to assemble and give vent to their convictions. Thus they were forced to keep their secrets to themselves, and soon persuaded themselves that nothing would benefit the masses more than a return to the old exploded belief from which

they had emancipated themselves.

A few words must be said also of the Jewish element which is stronger in Germany than in any other country excepting Both talented and ambitious, the Jews have always striven forward and on account of their rationalism and progressive spirit have built up for themselves a position in Germany which has excited the envy of their neighbors to such an extent that even in the enlightened nineteenth century persecutions have taken place in cultured Germany which put in the shade the persecutions from which the Jewish nation suffered in the Middle Ages. Even the poorest Jewish parents give their children the best education which their means will allow, stinting themselves that their children may learn something and thus be enabled to rise in life. The average number of Jewish pupils in the Latin, the High Schools, and the Universities is beyond proportion, and both by talent and industry Jewish boys successfully manage to rival their classmates. Still, when they enter life they find most avenues closed to them not so much on account of their creed as of their race. About half a century ago the German Jews inaugurated an era of reform. They awakened from the hypnotic slumber into which their oppressors had put them, observed that they had lost time and were desirous to make up for it. But their reforms were merely intended to make them presentable in society and their religious services to conform better with the times and compare more favorably with those of their neighbors. In Catholic countries they imitated the Catholics, in Protestant countries the Protestants, but when they came to see that if the stone was set rolling it would never stop, that after people were told they had the same right to change the rituals on which they were accustomed to look with the greatest respect, as did their ancestors, they began to fear the whole structure of Judaism would crumble away, if means were not soon found to counteract the corroding influences of the age. began, therefore, to put a stop to further progress and followed in the reactionary wake of their neighbors, but alas, they, too, came too late, none of their efforts to press the rising sun again below the eastern horizon prevailed. They succeeded merely in estranging the young from their religion and making of them agnostics or atheists. But the evil did not end there. While they wished to preserve the race, believing thus to preserve religion with it, they netted quite different results. The young, well-educated Hebrew who found most of the avenues of life closed to him on account of a religion in which inwardly he no longer believed, and which allowed him not even the free expression of his thoughts, argued that he might as well play the hypocrite in a religion which offered him better opportunities. He no longer believed in the Biblical narratives, he had learned too much not to see that the Bible was a human production, he could no longer believe that God ever selected one people in preference to another, he could not see why he should bring personal sacrifices in order to help Divinity to fulfil a certain hobby. But he was not allowed to draw the inference, he was compelled to keep all this a secret within his breast and outwardly to acquiesce in the most obsolete ritual and the most superanuated prayer-book. What would it matter therefore, if he joined a church in which no more was demanded of him? There were his Christian friends, none of them believed in the doctrines of their church. In private they scorned the idea that they were expected to believe in the Bible or to see in the founder of their religion more than a mythological figure. They rarely went to church and whenever they visited one it was merely for show, to set an example to the masses, who as they were convinced ought not to be allowed to indulge

in the same liberal thoughts as themselves. Yet the circles of society stood open to them, why should Hebrews, therefore, not avail themselves of the same opportunities? Baptism was a mere matter of form, but it was the key to open for them the door to society. The Jewish hypocrites turned,

therefore, en masse, Christian hypocrites.

If the reader will make a summary of all these facts, he will find that two currents are circulating at present through the religious thought of the German people. The one is that royalty and the interest of the possessing classes could be served no better than by forcing the masses back under the voke of a State Church, which alone could and would teach them obedience to the king and contentedness with their social positions. This church ought to play both on their fears and their hopes to be authoritative and strong enough to suppress free individual thought, to make of God the ubiquitous policeman of the universe, the force to punish everyone who dares doubt or oppose the authorities of State or Church. The other is that all this ought to be believed by the masses but the individual ought not to be expected to accept as true statements repulsive to the plainest common sense. The individual ought to be allowed to think about all these matters as he pleases, provided he keeps his thoughts to himself.

These two currents could not but produce a state of hypocrisy, which, if allowed to exist much longer, must be ruinous to every religious sentiment. People have ever been unmindful of the fact that religion is the outcome of the social order and that with every change in the latter the former must keep pace. Thus it does not occur for the first time in history that the attempt is made to bolster up a tottering order by means of reactionary measures in religion. observe similar conditions during the first two or three centuries of the present era when Roman Emperors vainly endeavored to support the social order of their time which was threatening to fall down upon them by an appeal to people to help in reinstituting the former authority of religion, and then as now we find the most intelligent people preaching to what they call, "the masses," a religion which they themselves no longer believe but which then as now they thought was the only dam to keep off the threatening deluge.

The period of transition through which we are now passing

will be an interesting study to historians of the 22d century. They will look back upon our vain endeavors to breathe life into a corpse as we look back with astonishment and pity upon the endeavor of Emperor Julian, and as we have learned to know now why he failed, thus will the historians of the future be in possession of facts from which they will learn why we did not succeed.

### RUM AND THE RUM POWER.

BY HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

Henry George is a thoughtful man, a philanthropist, and a most attractive writer. Those who oppose his views can but admire his honesty of purpose and frankness of expression. He is a sincere patriot, seeking the good of the country, and, instead of being the demagogue that some have proclaimed him, has always shown an independence of thought and action characteristic of the honest American. It is a pleasure to deal with such a true man even in the way of controversy. Mr. George, in his article in The Arena on the Rum Power, proposes what he thinks is the proper treatment of the giant evil. He treats the subject in his usual forceful and vigorous way, clear in thought and masterly in language.

And yet we have the hardihood to question the logic and the principles beneath the logic of this excellent essay. One of the principles we controvert is that one which is conspicuous in the essay, that it is more important to destroy the political Rum Power than to destroy intemperance. There are two fallacies in this position. One is that any political tyranny is worse than moral death, and the other is the failure to see that the destruction of intemperance would necessarily destroy

the Rum Power.

Far better would it be for us to be under the government of the Czar than to be under the government of our personal lusts. The country would be far better off if a virtuous population were governed by a wicked oligarchy, than if a wicked and depraved population were governed by the most equal laws. Rum in the rulers is far better than rum in the ruled, for the ruled are many and the rulers are few. If you have a moral community, it will soon necessitate a moral government, but a moral government by no means necessitates a moral community. Make the community moral, therefore, and you are taking the best way to make a moral reform in the government. We must correct the people as the first

and main work, and the "Rum Power" or "Iron Power" or "Railroad Power" or any other power afterwards and through

the people.

If the vice of intemperance were eradicated from the people, the Rum Power would be nowhere. That power lives by this popular vice. If that vice were gone, what would become of saloons and distilleries? Who could keep a saloon without customers? And who could run a distillery without saloons? The aim, therefore, of abating intemperance is also an aim at the Rum Power, and legislation that can reduce intemperance must necessarily weaken the Rum Power. The instincts of the people are not mistaken, when they see in the saloon the enemy they must destroy as the main propagator of intemperance. We cannot prevent a man from drinking, but we can prevent the invitation to drink from hanging out on every corner. The reason why we should aim at the saloon is not primarily to destroy the Rum Power, but to check intemperance. It is where the law can get its best hold of the matter for this high moral end. So we assert again that it is not more important to destroy the Rum Power than to destroy intemperance, and this is one fallacy that vitiates the essay of Mr. George. The other is (as we have said) the failure to see that the destruction of intemperance would be the destruction of the Rum Power.

Mr. George is equally opposed to Prohibition and high He would have Free Rum. He accounts all restriction an error because it forms a Rum Power in monopoly, and this Rum Power is the dangerous thing. He runs this theory into other departments of trade. There should be no customs duties and no taxes, because they at once (he says) create a concentration of business in the hands of a few, who become a corrupt and corrupting power. quotes the iron interest, the cigar interest, the match interest, and the opium interest, as examples; and above all he points to the whiskey ring as an exhibition of the evil of putting any restraint on the sale of liquor. In these quotations he has somewhat mixed things, for in the iron, eigar, match, and whiskey trades, the combination is to support the tax, but in the opium trade it is to avoid the tax by smuggling. The effort in the first is for monopoly, but in the last it is against monopoly. In the first the endeavor is to use law for undue personal advantage, but in the last it is to break law.

Of course these different evils are to be treated in different ways. To say they are alike because they both get into politics will not meet the case of treatment. Everything gets into politics. Education, religion, sanitary matters and public service get into politics, but Mr. George would not make that a reason to abolish all legislation on these subjects, and let education educate to crime, and religion appoint suttees, and men heap filth in their houses, and public office be seized by the strongest. There must be something else besides the getting into politics which should make us give up restriction and decree free rum. Anything that interests the community is apt to get into politics. Bad men, moreover, will always try to use the laws lawlessly, will take advantage of technical mistakes, will endeavor to corrupt the officers of the law and will use every means to accomplish their own evil designs. But these facts and fears do not lead us to give up law as a failure. They only teach us to form our laws with greater exactness, and to see to it that honest men are put into office.

Where people break law, as in smuggling opium, the question is: "Which is the more expedient, to continue the law and address ourselves to the detection and punishment of the smuggler, or, by reason of the ease with which so small an article is smuggled, to alter the law and make opium free?" But when people use the law, as in the restriction of the rum traffic, to build up monopolies and rings, then the question is: "Which is the more expedient, to continue the law and address ourselves to the checking of monopolies and rings, or to alter the law and allow rum to be free?"

It is this latter method Mr. George advocates. He considers the whiskey ring a sufficient cause for abolishing all restriction on the trade in ardent spirits. This certainly is a most startling position. Mr. George tells us that if we made rum free, drunkenness would not increase. That is to say, that if we multiplied the facilities of getting drunk, and the temptations to drink, there would be no more drinking! He also affirms that by making rum cheap the treating habit would be weakened! And then again he declares that if there were no restriction there would be no saloons! These assertions seem to us so wild that we hardly know how to reply to them. Are there not thousands of young

men who are led into the snare of drinking because the saloon is open to them on every corner, and their companions can thus readily invite them to a drink? Would not a reduction of the number of saloons reduce this evil? Suppose that New York City, instead of having 6,811 saloons had only 1,000, would not the cutting off of 5,811 lessen the temptation? Of course the hardened drinkers would be the same as ever and find their way to the saloons remaining, but we plead the cause of thousands who are not hardened

drinkers, and who can be saved.

Then to imagine that when whisky becomes cheaper treating will be less, is an inexplicable paradox. The drinker will only be glad that he can treat with less injury to his finances. It is not the high price of the liquor that causes the treating, it is the good fellowship and the love of liquor combined, and the lowering of the price would not affect either. Water cannot be compared with liquor, as Mr. George makes the comparison. No one would treat in water, if you made water to cost so much a glass. So the argument that if whisky were as cheap as water no one would treat in it, is absurd. It is the character of whisky as exciting that makes it a treating article. Make whisky cheaper and you will necessarily strengthen, and not weaken

the treating habit.

The third affirmation of Mr. George is equally crazy with these two, namely, that if there were no restriction there would be no saloons. When there is no restriction, are men going to abandon drinking? And if they continue drinking, will not someone have to sell the drink? And will not every neighborhood need its seller? If the proceeds would be too small to support the saloons selling only liquor, would not groceries, and confectioneries, and fruit-stores all become saloons to satisfy the public demand for liquor? If the technical "saloon" should be abolished by this process of cheapening liquor, would not real, death-dealing saloons be found in every restaurant, bakery, confectionery, grocery, etc., such as Mr. George enumerates? The name "saloon" is of no importance; it is the thing saloon that we wish destroyed. Your free rum would multiply the real saloon, indefinitely. Therefore, in making free rum the means of destroying the whisky rings, we should fill the land with drunkards in order to check a political clique. The price is too fearful.

It is very curious that on the same day in which Mr. George's article was put into our hands we received the issue of the Wine and Spirit Gazette, of December 12, in which we found a like demand with Mr. George's for free rum. The trade does not think that Mr. George's plan would injure it.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette says: "Law neither reforms the drunkard, nor restrains intemperance, nor diminishes the liquor traffic in the great cities of our country." Its antagonism to both high license and prohibition is exactly a bass to Mr. George's treble. The Wine and Spirit man talks in the line of his interest, but Mr. George sadly wanders from the line of his philanthropy.

But what is to be done with the whisky ring? And how are we to avoid monopolies? These are fair questions, and we think there are reasonable answers, without approving

Mr. George's plan of national suicide.

There are evils connected with every reform, just as there is pain in the re-setting of a bone or the extracting of a tooth. In reducing the number of saloons (and then reducing the facilities and temptations to drink) we must necessarily give the sale into fewer hands. To that extent we must make monopolies. This is choosing the lesser evil. By reducing the number we not only reduce the facilities and temptations, but we make the proper espionage over a dangerous trade the easier and more complete. If we reduce by a high license, we make the seller more careful not to break any of the restrictive features of the law, lest he lose his costly license fee. He is just so much more under control. Reduction in number makes fewer places for thieves and prostitutes to gather, and for criminals generally to hold their assignations, and when the number is so greatly reduced that the authorities can constantly watch them, the sellers will be afraid to let their places be the resorts of such company. All these advantages far outbalance the evil of creating monopolies. Any tax or license fee makes monopolies to a greater or less extent. If Mr. George's tax on land should be put into operation, only the rich could own land. The rich would have a monopoly. They could afford to lose on land, while they piled up their money from other sources. The only question practical with us is how to keep these monopolies from doing mischief. We have not space in this article to treat the details of this legislation regarding monopolies.

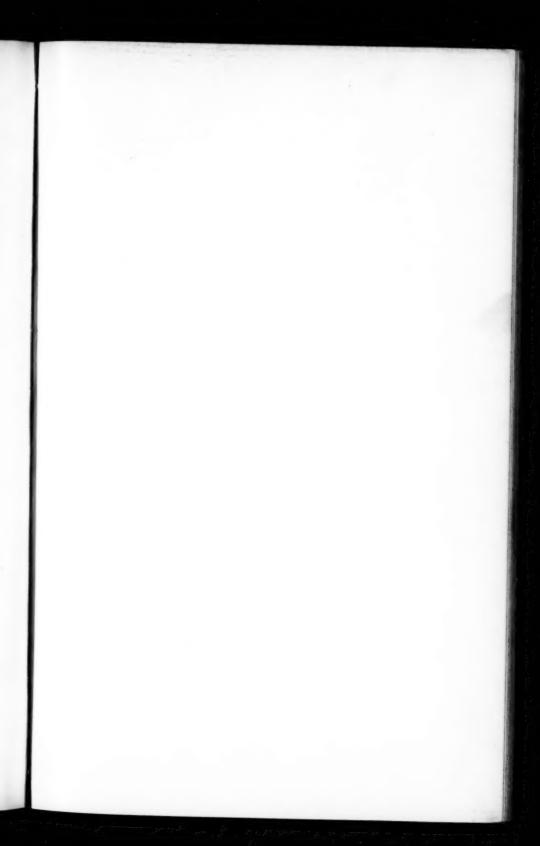
We can only point out some lines of efficiency which would restrain all monopolies from abusing the privileges which they necessarily have. First, in the matter of employees, their interests should be guarded by a system of law combining the co-operative and arbitrative ideas. Secondly, the cornering of the market should be prevented by judicious limitations. Thirdly, all purchase contracts for things non-existing should be void in law. Fourthly, combinations to raise the price should be made hazardous. Fifthly, when the monopolist is such by a license (as the liquor-dealer), conviction for any offence should forever incapacitate him from having a license. Sixthly, punishments for infraction of the laws touching monopolies should be severe.

Legislation embracing these principles could preserve the community from all evil that monopolies inflict, and, as applied to the whisky-seller, would make his monopoly a very cheap price for the moral advantages gained to the nation in the diminution of intemperance by a system of

high license.

There is one other position of Mr. George that should be alluded to. It is his statement that high license begets adulteration. There is a prevailing notion that the liquor sold in the groggeries is an adulterated stuff, and that the materials used in adulteration are fearfully poisonous. John D. Townsend in an article in the Mail and Express seems to imply that all the trouble is in adulteration, and that free liquor, by stopping adulteration, would heal the sorrows of the nation, from this source. He appears to be a disciple of Mr. George on this point. But is it true that it is the adulterated liquor that ruins the drinkers? Is not the pure whisky the fiend that ruins body and soul? 'Can adulteration add anything to make it worse? Would the cure of adulteration cure drunkenness? We have the testimony of one of the most distinguished chemists in New York, that he collected promiseuously from a hundred groggeries in that city, vials of the whisky they sold over the bar, and in each case the whisky was pure or diluted with water! The hard drinks are not adulterated. It is the expensive wines that are adulterated, of which the saloons have no sale. Be assured, Mr. George and Mr. Townsend, that the stoppage of adulteration in liquors would have no more influence in preventing the deadly evils of intemperance

than the cleaning and polishing a bayonet would prevent its fatal power. One other word. Mr. George wishes to destroy the Rum Power. "So say we all of us." But he would destroy the Rum Power by free rum! Now we submit that when the whisky ring is broken, the Rum Power is by no means destroyed. It only appears in a worse form, not now a political clique, but a debauched nation. This will be a Rum Power that cannot be restrained by law and that will dig the grave of all American institutions.





Helenamodjeska

# REMINISCENCES OF DEBUTS IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

#### HELENA MODJESKA.

Second Paper.

#### III .- SAN FRANCISCO.

THE story of my first appearance in San Francisco has been told in American periodicals so repeatedly, that I fear it is hackneyed, and there is little left for me to say about it. An article in the *Century* or, as it was then called, *Scribner's Monthly*, in 1878 or 1879, almost exhausted the subject.

It told how a Polish actress with her husband and son, in company with a few countrymen, arrived in California in the fall of 1876, and settled in a country place in the south of the State. The author describes in a humorous vein the experiences in amateur farming of the little colony, and how the artistic temperament of its members was illifitted to meet the every-day exigencies of a roughing, farwestern ranch life.

I may then dismiss the matter by reference to the above article, and only add that the failure of our arcadian idylla, connected with the exhaustion of our material resources, compelled us to exchange our dreams of peace for a new struggle for life.

To confess the truth, I was regretting my artistic career. Not only did I think of it during the day, but at night dreams of the theatre haunted my couch. It was in vain that I endeavored to divert this monomania by calling the horses and dogs with names of my repertoire, and by reciting the most effective bits of my parts to the chickens and ducks when feeding them. Instead of assuaging my longing, I only succeeded in making it more poignant.

Oppressed by this continual brooding, and having lost my illusions in regard to the prosperity of our colony, I formed the bold decision to go to San Francisco to study English, and try my forces on the American stage. Hardly was the plan formed, before it was put into execution. The traditional Polish Christmas Eve meal was partaken in Anaheim with our whole colony, but the New Year 1877 found me already in San Francisco. There Γ met several Polish friends, and in the house of one of them, Captain

Bielawski, made my first abode.

When I communicated my plans to them, they seemed frightened at my boldness, and their fear acted like cold water on my enthusiasm. I could speak but a few words of English, and even those were entirely mispronounced. All my knowledge had been acquired by a few lessons taken in Warsaw a few weeks before my departure, according to the method of Ollendorf. I had learned phrases like these: "Did you see my hat?" "No, but I have seen the books of your brother-in-law," etc., etc. On the steamer and during my short stay in Anaheim we held ourselves secluded, and if we happened to talk to a stranger, it was mostly in French or German. I made a sad blunder the first day on the steamer; desiring some soup at the dining-table, I asked the waiter for "soap." It made me diffident of my pronunciation for a long time.

As I said above, all my Polish friends dissuaded me strongly from my bold attempt; and their arguments seemed conclusive. Several of them had acquired the English language and spoke it like natives, but, then, they had spent twenty years or more in the United States. One of them, an excellent old gentleman, known all over California as the Old Captain, had come to America before 1840. He had been almost forty years in this country, understood and knew the language perfectly, but had a pronunciation of his own. He said "housband" instead of husband; "vyter and alvise," instead of waiter and always. "Why should I break my tongue and adopt a spelling which is not based upon any phonetic rules, but merely upon fancy? I pronounce according to my own taste, and yet people under-

stand me," he would say.

The example of the Old Captain was not encouraging. Why should I succeed, where a man of culture, who had spent the greater part of his life here, had failed. At the bottom of this lack of courage, there was the innate Slavo-

nian diffidence. As a modern French writer says in substance, we Slavs are not well equipped for the struggle for life. A majority of our race, and in the first place, my own nationality, belongs to the vanquished of modern history. We do not possess that superb confidence in our own forces, which is the beginning of success. We do not believe with sufficient energy in our lucky star, in the superiority of our country above all others, in the complicity of the God of armies in our battles. With us patriotism is not aggressive, and it is not circumscribed by certain well fixed geographical limits. It is more like a family feeling, a brotherhood of common suffering. It has reached its present exaltation through resistance to oppression. There are in our patriotism more

elements of resignation than of national conceit.

It was then, I suppose, this common feature of our race, which made my friends so timorous as to the result of my attempt. Personally, I was not unaffected by its influence. In times gone by, while I was in Poland, it had prevented me from accepting invitations to foreign stages. As far as 1869, two of the most prominent French dramatic authors, MM. A. Dumas' son and Legouvé, had urged me to try my fortunes on the French stage. I was sorely tempted to do so, as I possessed some knowledge of the language, and it would have been comparatively easy to complete my study of it. That a success in Paris could assure a reputation through the whole world, was well known to me. But my diffidence was stronger than my ambition. The appreciation of my countrymen seemed to have satisfied all my desire for glory, and I refused the invitation.

And now, in San Francisco, I had to deafen my ears to that lurking voice in the deep recess of my heart, that whispered to me "Beware;" however, necessity, which is the mother not only of invention, but also of enterprise, stimulated my ambition and my longing for a return to the boards. Besides I suppose those misgivings, inherent to my Polish nature, were counterbalanced in me to a degree, by a dash of venturesome spirit, the result of some drops of gypsy

blood inherited from a Hungarian grandmother.

I assumed an air of calm self-assurance very much in contrast with my innermost perplexities, and quieted the anxieties of my friends.

I at once began to prepare for my work. I was stopping

at the house of Mr. Bielawski, a kind old gentleman, whose wife was an English lady, and in whose house only English was spoken. My first teacher was a German. In a few weeks I could converse a little in English, but with a strong German accent.

In the middle of February, my husband and son joined me in San Francisco and from that time either one or the other remained with me. We took private lodgings, and I changed my teacher. By a singular stroke of good fortune, I happened to meet a young lady of Polish extraction but born in America. Miss Tuholsky spoke excellent English. She consented to give me a daily lesson of one hour, but through her friendliness this hour lasted the whole day. From eight in the morning till eight in the evening we toiled together with hardly any interruption.

I began at once to study the part of Adrienne in the language which was to be henceforward my own. After a short time I felt sure that I should be able to master the tongue

sufficiently to accomplish my self-imposed task.

This point being settled in my mind, another perplexity began to agitate me. Shall I succeed? How will my acting be received by these audiences, so strange to me? occasion to see some excellent actors, as Charles Coghlan, William Florence, and above all, Edwin Booth, whose performance encouraged me. Dramatic art, as represented by those exponents, appeared to me as being the same in America as in Europe. But I saw also some bad acting, and its success frightened me. And then, will not my lack of familiarity with the language interfere with my performance? will not my foreign accent, my native intonation, render my utterances ridiculous? Shall I be accepted and recognized, or only laughed at? How often did I brood over it, looking at the waves of the beautiful bay of San Francisco, and thinking if I should fail, they would tender me the welcome denied to me by the inhabitants of this foreign country.

Another more urgent and more practical question arose,— How should I obtain an opening? By the kind intermediation of General Kryzanovski, a countryman of mine who had made himself a position in the United States Army during the civil war, and of his friend Gov. Salomon, I had become acquainted during my first passage through San Francisco in October, 1876, with John McCullough, then manager of

the California Theatre. Mr. McCullough had been very courteous to me, but unfortunately he was absent from town in the first part of the summer of 1877, when I presented myself at the theatre. His place was occupied by his partner and stage manager, Mr. Barton Hill. This gentleman had never heard of me, and simply took me for one of those ambitious amateurs, whom every manager meets by hundreds, and whose importunities interfere greatly with his daily business. He always avoided talking English to me, and answered me in French. Supposing I was a lady of society struck with a strong attack of stage fever, he did not very much credit the story of my theatrical experience in Poland. I had not many scrap-books with me, as I never indulged much in collections of press comments, and what I had were written in Polish and not intelligible to him. True, I had a letter from the younger Dumas, quite complimentary and written in French; but unfortunately it was not explicit enough, and the compliments were based on hearsay, so it did not destroy the incredulity of Mr. Hill, though it may have shaken it a little. Bitter experiences which the theatre had sometime before sustained both with foreign actors and amateurs, perfectly justified Mr. Hill's reluctance to listen to one whom he knew to be a foreigner and suspected to be only an amateur.

How often did I call without being received at the manager's office. How often, when I happened to meet him, was I dismissed with a few polite words which, although not put in the shape of a direct refusal, did not, however, contain any satisfactory promise. To my sense of increasing discouragement was joined a feeling of profound humiliation. I could not forget my success in the old country. I had been, in fact, a regular stage queen, and now to realize that I was nobody.

was a sensation akin to that of a royal déchéance.

In the meantime, however, my friends interceded with the management in my behalf. General Kryzanovski, Gov. Salomon, and Colonel Hinton, a newspaper man who had heard me recite in Polish, and with an enthusiasm inherent to his noble nature, had espoused my cause, urged Mr. Hill so much that at last he consented to give me a hearing. It seemed somehow strange to me to have to pass through this kind of examination, but I was only too glad to perceive even a slight ray of hope.

When I arrived at Mr. Hill's office with my teacher, Miss Tuholsky, he looked a perfect picture of resignation, expecting a dreadful bore. "I can only give you ten minutes," he said, "but you will excuse me if I am sincere and severe."

"Very well, but please be attentive and don't interrupt me." I played for him the last act of Adrienne, most of which is a soliloquy. Miss Tuholsky gave me the cues, and the stage was a small office, with one chair for all the furniture.

When I finished, I asked: "Well, will you give me a night in your theatre?"

"You can have a whole week or more if you desire it."

The manager had been moved, and a thrill passed through

me when I saw him furtively wiping his eyes.

This occurred at the end of July, 1877, five months after the beginning of my lessons. Fortunately, a few days afterward, Mr. McCullough arrived. Mr. Hill must have made a favorable report to him, for I soon received a summons to a rehearsal on the stage. The rehearsal of course succeeded better than the private hearing and Mr. McCullough seemed to be even more enthusiastic on my account than Mr. Hill.

In a short time the papers announced the approaching appearance for a week in August of a new star, Helena

Modjeska, a Polish actress.

Mr. McCullough and Mr. Hill did everything in their power to assure my success. They gave me very good support, Mr. Tom Keene, then the leading man of the company, was an excellent Maurice De Saxe, and Mr. Henry B. Edwards played Michonnet, and a true and kind Michonnet

he was to me on and off the stage.

When the day of my performance arrived, my friends were much more anxious than myself. I had lost that nervous fear, which I could not shake off in Poland. The satisfaction of treading again the boards of a theatre, made me feel quite at home. The audience was not very large, but exceedingly well disposed and kind, and that helped, I am sure, to make the performance a smooth one.

The applause which I received, sounded to me like a hearty welcome to the American stage. Next morning after reading the papers, and after the visit of a few managers, anxious to secure a new star, I could send to my husband (who was

lying sick in the mountains of South California) a telegram containing one single word, "Victory."

A new career in a new country was opened to me, and the waves of the Bay of San Francisco no more called me to their cold embrace.

## IV.-LONDON.

On a cold, gloomy morning of March, 1880, I found myself in London. There was no sun to welcome me and to lighten with its rays the sense of oppression which overcame me on my arrival. The immensity of the city, the massive structure of its buildings, the manifold appearances of enormous wealth and luxury, instead of appealing to my fancy and exciting my admiration, made me only realize my smallness, my nothingness. Everything appeared so strong, there seemed to be no place for the weak. Never in my life have I felt myself so lost; and yet in comparison with my arrival in San Francisco I was less a stranger here. I had passed several times through London on my way to and from America. I had in England some acquaintances, and even some relatives. Lastly, my name had already figured favorably in the English papers, thanks to some American correspondents. And yet while my first landing on the American shore had been full of joyous anticipation, my arrival in London produced upon me a very decided despondency. Was it the difference in the atmosphere, the smoke and fog of London in place of the bright sky and of that delightful balmy ozone one inhales with full lungs on the shores of the Pacific? Or, was it possibly the feeling, that America is a home open to the oppressed and the exiles of every nation, and that notwithstanding some slight attacks of knownothingism, it is always ready to broaden the scope of its civilization by new elements,—whilst England, in its insular seclusion, often looks down with contempt and scorn upon the efforts of human progress, when they appear outside the sacred soil of Albion? Was I moved by physical or philosophical influences? I could not say, but whencesoever they sprang, they gave to my forebodings a very sombre color.

I had come to London in order to impress a final stamp upon my American achievement. My adoption of a new tongue would be, I thought, only justified definitely by the sanction acquired in the first home of that tongue. My American manager had promised to obtain for me a London engagement but his efforts had failed,—and it was written, that now as before I should have to struggle for it myself. Fate, though kind to me, never threw success in my way with open hands; I had always to wrest it by sheer effort. I shall not describe the difficulties we had to secure an engagement; it would be very much the repetition of the story given in the last chapter, only that instead of applying to one theatre, to one manager, I had to apply to a score of them.

When I had almost given up my project, and was balancing in my mind, whether to return to Poland or to America, I one day received a visit from a gentleman who brought me an offer to appear at the Court Theatre. That house was then, fortunately for me, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, the actor so popular on both sides of the Atlantic, who, amongst his other qualities, possesses a great spirit of enterprise and true generosity. He had heard some favorable comments of me from Mr. Charles Coghlan, whom I did not know personally, but who had seen me play in America.

Mr. Barrett's proposition was really nothing but the tendering of a kind and friendly hand to a sister artist. He was not urged to do it by any business consideration, as he had then on the board of his theatre a very good play, which would safely run the whole season: "The Old and New Love," an adaptation of the "Banker's Daughter," by Bronson Howard;—possibly the success of an American drama inspired him with hope for the success of an adopted American actress.

I need not say the offer was joyfully and gratefully received. As "The Old and New Love" was then occupying the evenings of the Court, Mr. Barrett proposed me to play a week or two of matinees.

The selection of the play in which I was to appear, took us some time. At last our choice fell upon a play called "Heartsease." There existed a piece of that name, based upon the well-known "Camille," but the main motive had been left out, and replaced by a tame substitute, the situations had been considerably diluted, and the whole thing was a poor patchwork; but it had one advantage; it had passed through the Censorship of London. It had been already

produced on one of the Metropolitan stages, but had met with a decided and well-deserved failure.

The adapter or author of the piece agreed with us to alter it, by returning to the text of Camille, or rather of the original "Dame aux Camélias," and keeping its present title. The names however were changed, and Marguerite Gauthier, alias Camille, was rebaptized into Constance.

This was done, the new "Heartsease" sent to the Lord Chamberlain's office, and in a few days returned with the

approval of the Censor.

Evidently the ostracism which had been pronounced before at the same high place, against the work of Dumas the younger, had more reference to the choice of the title flower than to anything else, and heartseases were considered more moral than camelias.

Mr. Wilson Barrett thought it well to excite public curiosity, by posting large bills in conspicuous places, with nothing but "Modjeska" in monstrous big letters. Though my name had been mentioned in the papers, it was yet unknown to the great majority of people. "What is Modjeska? Is it alive?" was one of the questions I heard in a car. Some guessers thought it a tooth wash, or some exotic cosmetic for the face. Even to the people whom I met socially, I remained a kind of unknown quantity. Only a few days previous to my appearance, at a reception given in my honor by a kind friend, Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, I was approached by a lady who asked me in what language I was to perform.

The American correspondences were only of little avail to me, I fear. There was at that time a kind of distrust in London against American actors, and American praise. Englishmen were a little afraid of being taken in by Brother Jonathan.

Though on the New Continent Anglomania had begun to spread through the large cities of the East, there was no such

thing as Americomania in England at that time.

I had therefore uphill work before me. I was to overcome the natural distrust against a new comer, a foreigner and an American,—and the play selected by me might prove another obstacle, as it braved the English social prejudices, and preached the lesson of forgiveness, in opposition to the morals of the day.

My first performance took place in the afternoon of the

first day of May, 1880. The house was full. Through the influence of a Polish friend of my husband, Mr. M. Jaraczevski, attached to the person of the Prince of Wales, both the Prince and the Princess were present. The rumor of their coming had helped to bring the representatives of fashionable society. The big letters of the posters had something to do with the filling of the galleries and the pit.

What we feared as an obstacle, proved to be a help, and the pathetic story of A. Dumas overcame all prejudices, melted the hearts of the public, and disposed them favorably to the new comer. The reception was so warm and hearty I could hardly realize that I stood in the presence of cold-

blooded Englishmen.

When the kind protector of all artists, the Prince of Wales, came, according to his custom, to compliment me behind the stage, he could not help saying: "Your play is very much like the Dame aux Camélias." "It is nothing else," was my reply. "How did you manage to obtain the permission of the Lord Chamberlain?" I suppose the story which I told him did not increase very much his respect for the institution of theatrical censorship.

My performances soon became the fashion. Was I not the novelty of the day? The pit was converted into orchestra seats, my matinees were replaced by evenings. In the stores appeared heartseases in all shapes and kinds, the ticket-sellers in town realized handsome premiums upon the seats to the Court Theatre, and considered me as a favorite. Of course the lion hunters did not lose such an opportunity, and from all sides assailed me with invitations to social gatherings.

I played Heartsease up to the end of the summer season. The play with which I opened the following fall was Mary Stuart, which like the Dame aux Camélias was again in opposition to accepted prejudices, and in the same manner

proved a valuable auxiliary.

Afterwards I played Adrienne, Romeo and Juliet, Froufrou, Juana and Odette, remaining in England until the end of the summer season 1882. Then I returned to Amer-

ica which I made my home.

I had played in three countries, Poland, the United States, and England. Believing in the old saying, "Omne trinum perfectum," I promised myself to stop at that number, and to forego seeking any new fields for my ambition.

## DIVORCE AND THE PROPOSED NATIONAL LAW.

BY H. H. GARDENER.

In discussing any question which involves the welfare and happiness of people who live to-day, or are to live hereafter, I think we may take it for granted that we must consider it in the light of conditions now existing or those likely to exist in the future. We must clearly understand to what domain the question fairly belongs; whether it is a question of vital importance between human beings in their relations to each other, and whether it is a matter in which the law is the final appeal. We may fairly assume that the questions of marriage and divorce have to do with this world only. Indeed, that point is yielded by the marriage service adopted by the various Christian churches when it says, "until death us do part," and by the reply said to have been given by Christ himself, to the somewhat puzzling query put to him as to whose wife the seven times married woman would be in heaven.

According to the record, he evaded (somewhat skilfully it must be admitted) the real question; but his reply at least warrants us in saying that he held the view that the marriage relation had nothing whatever to do with another life, but belonged to the province of this world only, and the necessities and duties of human beings toward each other here.

This point is yielded, too, by every church when it permits the widowed to re-marry, and gives them clerical sanction.

Therefore the religious and civil basis of discussion, are logically on the same premises, and in America, at least, where there is no contest as to the established fact that all divorces must be legal and not ecclesiastical, it is clear that the law does not recognize religion at all in the matter. While a religious marriage service may hold in law, a religious divorce would be illegal, in fact, fraudulent. It is conceded on all sides then, as we have seen, that marriage

is a matter pertaining strictly to this world. It affects the happiness or misery of men and women in their relations with each other, and not at all in any assumed relation with

another life, or a supposititious duty to a Deity.

This would logically take marriage, as it has already taken divorce, out of the hands of the clergy, since religion and its duties are based primarily and necessarily upon the relations of human beings to another life and to a supernatural or Supreme Being. The terms of marriage and divorce—so far as the public is concerned—are questions of morals and economics.

That is to say, if there were but one man and one woman in the world it would be for them to say whether they would be married at all, or - having been married - whether they would stay married, if they discovered that the relation was productive of misery to one or both. They could divorce themselves at will without injury and without fear. But since humanity is associated in groups in what is called society or the state, and since under present conditions men are the chief producers and owners of wealth and the means of livelihood; the support of women and children is a matter which affects the welfare of all so associated, in case the The question of divorce is, therefore, parents separate. partly in the field of economics and has to do with the general This being the case, law and not religion rightly regulates its terms. People marry because they believe that it will promote their happiness to do so. I am talking now of ordinary people under ordinary circumstances, and not of those victims of institutions - such as kings and princesses who are married for state reasons. Nor am I writing of those still greater victims who are taught that it is their "duty" to marry in order to produce as many of their kind as possible in a world already sadly overpopulated by the very class, thus influenced and controlled by greed and power, that is to say, by those who are benefitted by the unintelligent increase of an ignorant population. Since marriage is the most important, solemn, and sacred contract into which two people can enter, and since it affects - or may affect - others than themselves, the State requires that it be public, that the form of contract be legal and that its terms be respected by both parties, to the end that others may not be deceived or left helpless.

But if the parties to this contract learn to their sorrow that it is productive of misery, if they grow to loathe each other, if instead of happiness, it results in sorrow or ill health, then surely the State is not interested in forcing those two people to continue in a condition which is opposed to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is, however, concerned in the terms of the separation since these do or may affect others than the two principals, and since one of these, having entered into a contract (in which the State was a witness) and now being desirous of terminating said contract, may be defrauded in a manner which vitally affects society. It can hardly be claimed that society is benefitted by forcing two people to live in the same house and become the parents of children, when those two people have for each other only loathing or contempt. If it cannot benefit society, then who is benefitted by the forced continuance of the marriage relation? The children? Can any rational person believe that it is well to rear children in an atmosphere of hatred, of contention, of rebellion?

Do not our penal institutions answer this question? Are the inmates of these from homes where harmony reigned? Statistics show plainly that they are not and they also show that an enormous per cent. of them come from the families of those who are not allowed by their church the relief of divorce from bonds grown galling. Children conceived by hatred and fear, overpowered by the lowest grade of passion known to the world (which cannot be called brutal, because the brutes are not guilty of it), bred in an atmosphere of contention, deception, and dread, are fit material for, and statistics prove that they are the inmates of, the reformatory

and penal institutions.

Is it fair to a child that it be so reared? Is it not right—
is it not the duty of the State to secure—so far as it may—
quite the opposite conditions of life for its helpless future
citizens? Are the highest and best types of character bred
in discord? Is the State interested in the high character of
its future citizens? All these questions and many others are
involved. But setting aside these most important features I
would like to ask who is benefitted by keeping together
those whom hate has separated? The wife? Not at all.
She is simply degraded below the frail creatures of the street
whom men deride. She becomes the helpless instrument of

her own degradation. The woman of the street may own herself, she may change her life, she may refuse to continue in the course which has lost her her self-respect. The unwilling wife is helpless. She has lost all. She has no refuge. She is a more degraded slave than ever felt the lash, for her slavery is one which sears her soul and may

sear that of children borne by her unwillingly.

It can hardly be urged that it could add to the dignity or honor of womanhood for a tie to be indissoluble which in itself, under such conditions, is a degradation and an insult. Take for example a drunken, a dissolute or a brutal husband. Can it be said to strike at anything dear or noble for womankind that some wife is absolutely freed from such companionship? That she be no longer forced to bear his society or even his name? Surely no good end can be served by the outward continuance of a tie already broken in fact. No one can be made better, no one happier. If it is urged that a God is to be considered, surely such a state of things could hardly excite his pleasure or admiration. If marriages are made in heaven those that prove a mi:fit - so to speak - can scarcely be claimed by believers in an all-wise ruler to emanate from there. Religious people will be the last to assert that wrong had its source in such a locality. While people who look upon this question as wholly outside of sacramental lines will be slow to see beauty or good in a relation which is a servitude and a degradation on the one side and a brutal domination on the other.

How does the question stand then? The wife is degraded, the children are brutalized,—are born with evil tendencies—a God can hardly be overjoyed; society is endangered and robbed, is deprived from its cradle of its inalienable right to happiness. Who is left to be considered? The husband?

Would any man worthy the name wish to be the husband of an unwilling wife? If he has a spark of honor or manhood in him could such a relationship held by force give him

happiness?

Would it not be unendurable to him? If he is so far below the brutes in his relationship with his mate that he can hold his position only by force is he a fit father of children? Is the State interested in reproducing his kind?

It is true that there are several reasons why divorce is far more important to women than to men—notwithstanding which fact the question is usually discussed in the Press and Legislature by men only, the other interested party not being supposed to have enough at stake to be consulted or heard in the matter at all. But it is also true that an uncongenial marriage deprives a man of all of the best that is in him; it reduces his home to a mere den of discomfort and wretchedness; it forces him to be either a hypocrite at or an absentee from his own hearthstone and deprives him of the blessedness and sympathy—the holy tenderness and beauty—that should be the star in the crown of every man entitled to the name of husband and father.

But he still owns his own body. He cannot be made an unwilling father of timid, diseased, or brutalized children; he is not a financial dependent. For these and other reasons an unhappy marriage can never mean to a man what it must

always mean to a woman.

There is an argument frequently put forward that divorce is wrong and unfair to the children of those so separated in case the divorced parties remarry and other children are added to the family. One great Prelate asks: "Can we look with anything short of horror upon such a condition of things? Here is a family, we will say, composed of the chil-

dren of three divorced fathers-all by one mother."

This is an extreme and not a pleasing case we may admit; but suppose the divorce were by death would the distinguished Prelate be so shocked? Is it especially uncommon, indeed, for the most devout men or women to marry three times? Are "half" brothers and sisters and "step" children a subject of moral shock to the most rigid religionists? Jesus appeared to approve of a woman marrying seven times. How about a mixed family there? Does the distinguished Prelate take issue with his Lord? No, the whole question hinges on the continuance of the life of the parties separated or divorced. If one of them dies the mixed family relation is not counted either a sin or a shame. If they live and the divorce is granted by law instead of by nature it is pronounced both.

In whose interest is this distinction maintained? We have seen that it is not for the honor of the wife that a loathsome marriage relation be indissoluble, that it can lend neither dignity nor happiness to the husband, that it is one of the fruitful causes of diseased and criminal childhood and that it

is, therefore, necessarily, a menace to society.

Legally, morally, economically, then, it is a mistake, and it is productive of great misery. Who then is benefitted? Why is the attempt so strongly made to revise the laws and check the growing liberality in divorce legislation?

Who are the movers in that direction and upon what do they base their arguments? What is the final appeal of these combatants? I shall answer the two last questions first. The orthodox clergy and their followers, basing their arguments on the Bible as the final appeal, demand that this

reform go backward. Why?

Because their creeds and tenets have always claimed that marriage is a sacrament and not a legal contract, that it is or should be under the control of the clergy, and that the Bible and St. Paul say so and so about it. The Catholic Church, has, by keeping control of the marriage of its believers, made sure of the children — their education — and therefore insured to itself their future adherence. It has perpetuated itself and its power by this means. It is, therefore, not difficult to see why that church so warmly opposes any movement which can only result in disaster to its growth and power. Her communicants are taught that it is their duty to increase and multiply, and this in spite of the fact that poverty and crime, want and ignorance stare in the face a large per cent. of the very class which it is thus sought to swell. The Catholics are the most prolific and furnish by far the largest per cent. of both paupers and criminals of any other class of the community. With them marriage is a sacrament; divorce is not allowed, or if allowed, remarriage is prohibited. Children are born with astounding frequency of subject mothers to brutal fathers. They are bred in a constant atmosphere of contention, bickering, and in short, warfare. The result is inevitable. Contest — war — brings out all the worst elements and passions in human nature. This fact is well understood where war is conducted between large bodies of men; but in such case there is supposed to be a motive — some patriotic principle involved to stir and call out, also, some of the better nature; but in the petty warfare of the wretched household there is nothing to redeem life from the basest. But suppose all this is true, say the advocates of the forced continuance of the marriage relation, the Bible — our creeds — teach us to refuse the relief of divorce, and we are bound at any cost to sustain the indissol-

ubility of the marriage bond. True, for those who accept these creeds or the Bible as a finality; but to those who do not, the State owes a duty. Church and State are separated in America, it is claimed. A magistrate can marry a man and woman, just as he can draw up another contract. the State went that far it told the people that it did not hold marriage as a sacrament. It then and there took the ground that it was a legal contract, and had no necessary connection with religious belief or observance. It logically follows that if the State deals with marriage as a thing not touched by religious belief or Biblical injunction, that the question of divorce — the terms of the contract — are also quite outside of the province of the clergy. This being the case it appears as futile and as foolish to discuss this question - making of it a religious one - from the basis of the creeds or the Bible, as it would be to discuss the rate of interest on money or the wages per day for labor, from the same outlook. Believers in the finality of Biblical teaching are at liberty to hold their marriages as indissoluble, but have no right to insist upon forcing their religious dogmas upon others, nor to attempt to crystalize them into law for others. No doubt the Bible gave the best light of the Jews, in the day in which it was written, on these and other subjects. We are quite willing to suppose that the various creeds and usages of the churches did the same for the people whom they represented, but the creeds and the Bible have nothing whatever to do with the social and economic problems of our day, nor with the legal questions of our time.

The more they are dragged into places where they do not belong, the more it is discovered that "revision" is necessary. The old creeds and the Bible are fast undergoing revision and are recut to fit the people and the present. It is quite impossible to revise and recut the people and the present to

fit the old creeds and the literature of the Jews.

Let us have done with such trifling with the serious problems of the day. It is not at all a question of whether St. Paul said or thought this or that about divorce. It is not at all important what some dead and gone Potentate said; the question before us is what is best for society as it is now? Indeed it appears to me futile to discuss this subject at all if it is to be done from a theological basis. Every fairly intelligent person knows what the church teaches in

the matter. One paragraph and a half dozen Biblical references with a notable name appended is all the space necessary to consume. We all know that in substance the Catholic church's answer to the question "Is Divorce wrong?" is emphatically "Yes."

We are also aware that that church revises its opinions

more slowly than any other.

It is equally well known to the intelligent reader that the variations, from the emphatic Yes of the Catholic church, run the scale in the Protestant denominations from a moderately firm yes to a distinctly audible no. Given the denomination and a slight knowledge of its history — whether it claims to be infallible and divine, as the Catholic and Episcopal, or only partly so as the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational, or whether as the Unitarian and Universalist they claim to be human only — and you are prepared to state what the adherents of those churches will hold as to the marriage and divorce questions without resort to long papers or circumlocution. Now for the various sects to teach or believe what they please on this and other subjects is their undoubted right so long as they do not attempt to control other people in matters which are outside of the province of the church, and so long as their own adherents are satisfied to abide by the decisions of the communion to which they belong.

The question is, then, what is best for society as it is and as it is likely to be? What is best for society as it is now? Who is benefitted or who harmed by the continuance of a loathsome relationship? Is the State and are the people interested in refusing to allow two people to correct a mistake once made? Is it for the good of anyone to make mistakes perpetual?

It is a question in economics and morals. It has nothing whatever to do with religion. Let us keep our minds clear of rubbish, and above all let us request that our legislators do not tamper with a question of such vital importance to women, in any manner (as is just now proposed) to crystalize the divorce laws into national form and application, until women be heard in the matter, freely and fully, without fear or intimidation. If it were proposed to make a national law for railroads without giving a hearing to but one side of the question; if it were suggested that Congress pass an educational bill of universal application without permitting any but its friends to be heard; if a general measure to control

interest on money were up, and none of the money-lenders were given a hearing — only borrowers — there would be a great stir made about the injustice and inequity of such legislation. But it is deliberately proposed to pass a national marriage and divorce law, to regulate the one condition of life which is absolutely vital to women under present conditions, and to make this law a part of the national Constitution, without taking the trouble to hear one word from her on the subject. Let us agitate this question thoroughly. Let us discuss it on the basis where it belongs; where our laws have already put it — the economic, and moral, and social basis. Let us clear the track of both sentimentality and superstition. Let us hear from both sides — from both parties interested. We do not drag religion into the interstate commerce debate; when a bill comes up for streetpaving, nobody inquires what kind of stone St. Paul was interested in having put down. When the Chinese bill is before us, it is not at all necessary to know what St. Sebastian thought of the laundry business. Their views may have been sound; but they do not apply. I repeat, therefore, let us keep to the subject, keep the subject on the basis where it belongs, have our conclusions at least blood relatives of our premises, and let us hear from both sides of the fireplace. And finally, let us keep clear of passing a national law until both parties to the contract be heard, not only in the press, but in the legislative deliberations.

A recent writer of one of the ablest and clearest papers vet contributed on this subject, in arguing in favor of an amendment to the Constitution, which shall make divorce laws uniform, says: "Let it clearly be shown that Congress can best legislate in the interests of the whole people (the italics are mine) upon the subject, and the people, and their representatives, the legislative assemblies, can be trusted to authorize it." It does not occur to even this able writer that half of the "whole people" will have no representation in either the legislative assemblies nor in Congress, and that on this subject above all others, this unrepresented half has far more at stake than the other, and that when an amendment to the national Constitution is accomplished, it is a very much more difficult thing to correct any blunder it may contain, than it would be if the blunder were not made a part of that instrument.

All men appear to agree that marriage is pre-eminently woman's "sphere." Certainly under existing conditions, and under conditions as they are likely to be for some time to come, it is the one field open to her—it is her lot. At present she has nothing to say as to the laws which control—the terms of this single contract of her life—the one disposition she is free to make of herself and still retain her social status and secure support. It would seem only humane to place no farther thorns in her path. Until she has a voice—is represented—the "whole people" cannot amend the Constitution in respect to marriage and divorce—in respect to the "one sphere" which all men concede is woman's one peculiar right.

No laws on these subjects—above all others—should be crystalized into national form and appended to the Constitution until it is done by the help and with the consent of the half of the people whom it will most seriously affect.

## THE EXTINCTION OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY A. C. WHEELER.

It sounds very rash to declare that Shakespeare is not for all time.

But it need not sound irreverent if Shakespeare is regarded as a dramatist appealing to men through the theatre. And that, I need not say, is the manner in which men have mainly regarded him.

What his relation to the eternal verities may be, now or hereafter, is too large an enquiry to be covered in a paper which at the best is but the formulation of suggestions that

Mr. Dion Boucicault has stirred in these pages.

But what his relations are to the lovers of drama in our time, as compared with those relations in the past, appears to me to be quite within the province of a practical onlooker to discuss. And the thought that must come to every such observer who has any knowledge of comparative methods, and is withal free to accept the logic of facts, is that Shakespeare, like all other sublunary agents or things, when removed from the ether of idolatry to the domain of scientific criticism, exhibits signs of mutability.

Even in his immortality he cannot escape the laws of devel-

opment and decay.

Mr. Boucicaul thas pointed out that there are "spots on the sun." It belongs to the same order of enquiry to ask if the sun does not exist in time as well as in space and come under that modern hypothesis of the dissipation of energy. And profound as that enquiry may be when kept within the somewhat vague boundaries of poetry or let loose in the metaphysical air of esthetics, it resolves itself into a mere examination of facts where its purpose is to determine Shakespeare's relation to men through the theatre.

I have heard the remark made several times by sagacious actors, that Shakespeare is outgrowing the capacity of the actor. It is much more difficult to play Hamlet acceptably

in our day than it was in Kemble's day. In fact there has been a steady growth of the opinion that it cannot be played at all up to the conception that we have formed of it.

Accepting this conclusion the question then is, has Shakespeare outgrown the theatre or has the public outgrown

Shakespeare?

I am perfectly well aware what kind of a smile the latter question will create. But it is the smile of superficiality. Clear thought and clear vision will acknowledge unhesitatingly that the utterers of great thoughts bear no sort of comparison in their perpetuity with the performers of great deeds. Nor is there any sadness in the reflection, for the eternal scale of values bears reference to character and not to talents.

Great thoughts must be modified, recast, weighed in new psychic balances as the world lives on; else the world does not live to any clearer views. To erect a Plato or a Shakespeare or even a Moses somewhere on the track of time and decree that mankind shall not live past that illustrious monument is to put one common chain around all the Galileos of the race.

The possibility of the world outgrowing Shakespeare never occurs to anybody. The people who deal most with him, concede to him with an actor's superstition a divine right to persist, and then invent all sorts of shallow arguments to show that he must.

The moment you leave these *a priori* worshippers and come down to contemporaneous facts, you are met with the marked change in the relationship of Shakespeare and the

drama-loving public.

Are the public less familiar with his text than formerly? Do they study him less lovingly? By no means. He has grown into their studies and become part of their pleasures. He lies now in every form of art, and with every aid of commentator and painter, on all tables and on all desks. With the single exception of the Bible, Shakespeare is the most widely-read book in the world.

But I need not tell you that the plays of Shakespeare were not written to be read. They came into literature by a crooked and accidental path. As Mr. Boucicault has so clearly pointed out, they were theatrical properties, fashioned with the one purpose of attracting and holding a rude

public through its sensibilities.

I think when you clearly understand this, you will begin

to see in just how far our public has outgrown Shakespeare, and in just how far Shakespeare has outgrown the public he wrote for. When he wrote for all time, he was a poet, when he wrote for his generation he was a playwright. The poet will live on in higher and rarer atmospheres. The dramatist will be adjusted, modified, misinterpreted, disguised, adapted with a growing desire to fit him to the changed and changing conditions of man morally, intellectually, and socially.

What are the changed conditions. Let us answer this question with the immediate facts. They are Salvini, Booth,

Irving, Passart.

You are to put yourself in my place and go to see Salvini play Othello twelve times. You are to extend your studies from the actor to the audiences. You will, I believe, agree with me that Salvini plays the Moor much nearer to the intent of Shakespeare the dramatist, than any actor who has attempted it in our time, and you will not have to believe that he plays it much nearer to the spirit of Shakespeare the

poet, than any actor of our time.

He does not sophisticate it intellectually. He does not make it conform to the conditions of taste in our day. Its environment is not pictorial or illuminative. It is aggressively histrionic. It deals with the most violent passions without much heed of the subtleties of reason. He reproduces in a stalwart, elemental way the barbaric naivete and ungovernable impulses which Shakespeare in the spirit of his age imputed to the "blackamoor," and which the spirit of his age delighted to witness.

It is impossible not to recognize this, and it is impossible to avoid the impact of it. You feel the full force of sheer histrionism. You are wrought upon very much as the actor is. But you will detect in yourself, and observe in others something like a protest against the cruelty, the violence, and

even the logic of events.

The fact is you are farther away from the middle ages than Shakespeare's audiences were, and he hurts you a little through all your admiration, when he is thus reproduced. If you will take the trouble to study Shakespeare's public as you study Shakespeare you will find that some kind of a change has been effected. It is in the sensibilities and in the taste. When you come to bring the master before modern eyes, the first thing to do is to cut him. We expurgate and

admire, we try to invent some motive for Othello's violence other than the brute desire to kill that which has stung him. We quote Schlegel on the side of romanticism and Ulrici on the side of metaphysics. But the fact remains as Boucicault has put it. Shakespeare wrote his plays for the theatre of his time and not for the fastidious taste of ours, and he and his collaborateurs had a keen practical dramatic or theatric sense of how to reach the somewhat coarse sensibilities of that time.

Nothing is so cheap and so false as the constant summary of writers who touch the edge of this subject. They tell us

that human nature remains the same.

That is the sorriest libel on human nature that can be penned. Whenever human nature ceases to gravitate earthward and aspire heavenward it will cease to be human nature, and the drama is one of the most brilliant examples at this moment, when viewed historically, of the tendency of human nature.

I do not say that the drama stands abreast of all the other spiritual and operative agencies to make men nobler and better, but it is dragged on by the invisible forces that hem it in, and it continually reflects in its work the influence that is better than it, and that is inevitably moving away from the concrete, the symbolical, the demonstrative, to the abstract, the ideal, and the essential.

I am quite sure that a hundred and fifty years ago, audiences that saw the Merchant of Venice well played gave their sympathies to Antonio. If you have seen Irving or Possart play it, you will understand that there is a good deal

of sympathy for the Jew.

What has made this change? Have Irving and Possart (I do not associate them in their talents or methods, only in their results) worked out Shakespeare's purpose to a higher plane, or have they pictured the despair, the desolation, the broken heart of the Jew under the stress of a new and pervasive human sympathy that was unknown in Shakespeare's time; or if known could have no sort of application to Jews? Or are the sympathetic results independent of any efforts of the actors and merely the result of a broader and keener sense of mercy in the spectators?

However we may answer these questions, the result is the same. Something has disturbed the original efficacy of the scene. Mr. Boucicault, curiously enough for him, voices the modern disdain of what is purely theatric in his remarks about the trial scene in the Merchant of Venice. It is a pure piece of romanticism, but to my mind it is not near so incredible as the scene of Richard III. with Lady Anne at the funeral, and I was very much amused to observe Mr. Richard Mansfield's attempts to get this scene in line with our exacting sense of the rational, by changing the environment to a suburban road; by adding youth and attractiveness to Richard, and by adapting a half-bantering, collequial manner.

All this is in the direction of Mr. Henry Irving's extrinsic devices to improve the representation of Shakespeare, or at least to bring him into better accord with modern audiences; and the point I am trying to make is, that this effort, which is not confined to Irving and Mansfield, indicates on the part of the theatre a conviction that Shakespeare, pure and simple, is not what the audiences of to-day want.

Mr. Mansfield, to restore the acceptability of the scene with Lady Anne, will have to restore the status of woman in the seventeenth century. He will have to push back the sensibilities to a time when the riotous Saxon blood had not yet got over paying homage to feudal violence, and almost invariably exercised it with respect to woman.

But that is an impossibility; and the energetic producer of plays in our day, who expects to attract attention to Shakespeare, knows perfectly well that his only means of doing it, is to lift the experiment into an event, in which modern science and modern mechanism have much more to do than Shakespeare; and we thus have in these productions, a managerial coup in the place of a dramatic triumph, and Shakespeare, who, more than any other dramatist, depends upon declamation, and ability to portray passion, is dependent upon the notoriety of the star and the opulence of the manager. This presents us with the anomaly of the work that possesses the greatest intrinsic excellence, needing the most extrinsic assistance.

Especially is this glaringly shown in the poetic comedies. I do not think any intelligent man of this generation ever saw that masterpiece of fantasy, "The Tempest," produced on the theatrical stage who was not disappointed. If he loved what was most etherial, and therefore the best in Shakespeare, and had studied that play at all, he must have made it part of his own fancy, so that it grew into a living

illusion. How was it possible to witness the clumsy attempt to make those subjective splendors objective, and not be shocked? How was it possible to escape from the conviction that the dramatist never dreamed of any such materialization of his poetry, or that he would have been shocked himself by the impertinence of gas and glue in its attempt to realize the "baseless fabric of a vision."

What the dramatist was forced to do when "The Tempest" was written, was to leave all the airy nothings of the scene to the imagination of the spectator. But that is not what the modern manager does. He contracts them all out to the panoramist, the gas-fitter, the joiner, and the ballet master.

The theatre, therefore, in our day, materializes Shakespeare, and in doing so vulgarizes him. Intellectual good taste outside of the theatre spiritualizes him. It is searching for his daintiest meaning, his most subtle suggestion, not for his decorative possibilities. It hears in all the storm and stress of passion, the morning madrigals that blew through Lucrece, and Venus and Adonis; blithe laughter of maidens when the world was young: sad, mysterious strophs of elemental hearts that were near to the breast of nature. It does not care for the archæology of Macbeth's Castle, but sees Duncan's doomed party halted while Banquo talks about "the temple haunting martlet," and it listens in rapt wonder not to the Venetian law that no judge ever heard of, but to Portia's poetic tribute to the "quality of Mercy" that neither she nor the judges knew anything about.

When you find that the theatre does not even attempt to preserve the *esse* of Shakespeare, but gives itself to the enlargement and enhancement of the mere circumstance; when you consider that all other arts than the histrionic move in the direction of finer truths, deeper significances, subtler emotions, away from the material to the incorporeal—from, let me say, the *mise-en-scene* of Paradise Lost, to the intensity of Sordello; from the physical beauty of Greek form to the Christian renaissance of spiritual meaning; when you reflect that all culture is striving year by year to shake off the trammels of rude manifestation and material symbolism and get nearer to the thought and the emotion without the intervention of gesture, or speech, or emblem; and then remember that the stage in dealing with its own Master, day by day loads him with more and more of its own trinkets,

obscures him with more glare, drowns him with more trumpets, belittles him with more paint laid on, you will ask yourself if in the dilemma of trying to make the show of one era fit another, it is not violating the spirit of the present with the materialism of the present.

You will, at all events, conclude that so far the theatre of to-day has found no other means of adjusting the dramatic spectacles of Shakespeare to our age than is furnished in the material wealth and mechanical dexterity of the present

time.

You must not forget that during the enlargement of theatrical facilities to materialize Shakespeare, he has been growing, outside of the theatre, mythward, and the world has been insensibly creating a subjective and abstract idolatry for him. And whenever time has idealized a personality or a work, all attempts to represent the personality or the work objectively disturb our reverential fantasy. So you will hear, every time that Shakespeare is "revived," vague complaints that the revival is not poetic. In other words the machinery does not agree with our pet vision.

Does anyone suppose that the theatre will ever be able to reawaken in the public the interest in Shakespeare's work

that attended its earlier productions?

Let the manager make the experiment with nothing but the intrinsic merit of the work to depend upon. He will tell you that the intrinsic Shakespeare "spells failure." You must make a contemporaneous event of him with a notorious actor or an affluent backer.

The newspaper answer to this is invariably the same.

"Shakespeare a failure? nonsense. Look-at Salvini, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, and Henry Irving."

The great iniquity is that the public do look at them and go to look at nothing else — unless it be the managers'

extravagance.

No one who knows anything at all of the working of the theatrical system, makes the mistake of supposing that Mary Anderson's or Irving's success is the success of Shakespeare. Miss Anderson's last exploit here was a success of individualism in a corypheac interpolation, and the intelligent American public decided that it would rather see Irving as Matthias or Louis XI. than as Benvolio or Benedick.

Men whose business it is to feel the public pulse, declare that tragedy is dead. We have invented Melodrama—upon which to step down from that artificial height, and we are now fashioning "Comedy Drama" as the next descent.

The stage itself reflects the public contempt for the old heroic forms in its self-inflicted irony. In half a score of contemporaneous plays we shall find somebody answering to the "crushed tragedian," who is only an exaggerated type of the serious player of yesterday and who has only to mouth and declaim, and assume the antic air, and strut in high stepping pace to become instantly ridiculous. This personage is always crushed. By what? Simply by the indifference of the age in which he superfluously lags.

It will not quite do to say that the stage is only burlesquing a method and not an idea, in this humor. For the two are indissolubly connected. If you would see the attempt made to separate them, you may look at Mr. Mansfield's Richard III., where, under the latter day influence, he has colloquial-

ized Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's tragedies are nothing if not declamatory. You cannot very well prattle stupendous passions, or babble about breaking hearts. If you set Othello to chit-chat or lower Marc Antony to an after-dinner harangue, you are

simply putting the gods in dress coats.

It is worth while at this point to suggest that Shakespeare's tragedies are not only declamatory, they are cruel, and you may ask yourself with some profit, if you have scanned the historic page carefully, if man in our day is as eager to contemplate cruelty as he was in that era when every kitchen maid would beg for a holiday to see a burning.

The shriek of the Greek Eumenides is sharp in these Shakespearean tragedies. But in the audience there is the quiet defiance of a Christian personality that regards human destiny as depending on human choice and not on the caprice of the

gods.

One other consideration and I leave this phase of the subject. It is worth while to reflect that the positive and primary interest in a dramatic exhibition is impaired by familiarity with that exhibition.

It is true, that another and secondary interest takes its place, but it is critical and technical, not sympathetic or suspensive. The imagination gives way to the judgment and you no longer care to know how the play will come out, but how the actor will compare with a previous actor in the part. We have here substituted for the natural and illusive

delight an analytic egotism that is fatal to anything romantic.

Reason about this as much as you may, and I do not deny that excellent esthetic reasons may be advanced to show that this secondary appreciation is a growth in art—the fact remains that this is not what plays are written for—and above all else is not what Shakespeare's plays were written for.

I cannot convince myself that historic rehabilitation, or archæologic accuracy—as in Mr. Mansfield's superb reproduction of Richard III. or contemporaneous realism, as in Mr. Irving's use of a modern, double-banked organ in "Much Ado about Nothing," will supply the place of that original romanticism in the story, or that human quality in the personages which reflected the passion and cruelty of the age and was wholly without the discipline, the sense of

brotherhood and the spiritual aspiration of ours.

If in the course of theatric development, Shakespeare at some time shall become too expensive or too expansive for the manager of moderate means, as he has already become too philosophic and doctrinaire for the actor of moderate ability; if in the renaissance of romance, which is pretty sure to come, the public shall show a preference for themes and motives that belong to the renaissance and characters that belong to the new solidarity of humanity, is it not likely that Shakespeare like Euripides will pass into that veneration

that is too sacred for ordinary use?

Far be it from me to feel, much less to exhibit, the irreverence of the literary proletariat. I am not, I hope, one of those products of a young civilization that disseminates knowledge without focussing culture. I have a great respect for the past. But an esthetic training that does not ignore scientific influence has developed in me a sincere respect for mutability. I cannot bring myself to regard the genius of Shakespeare as static. It must, I believe, pass like other energies into the great procession, to be assimilated, transformed, and reproduced in higher forms of beauty. That which is true and seminal in Shakespeare is enduring but not fixed. Its perishable form is dramatic. Its spiritual esse is poetic. "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die."

## CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

BY A. A. CHEVAILLIER, EDITOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF TRUTH.

THE Constitution of the United States which represents the most enlightened and advanced human government of the world, states that every citizen has a "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." An important and timely question of the hour is, has every citizen that right? whole industrial world, enslaved by legislation in favor of gigantic private trusts and monopolies, answers No! In religion, notwithstanding a little more than one hundred years ago a Quaker was hanged on Boston Common, the Constitution is to-day legally respected, although the spirit of the Constitution even here through ignorance, superstition, and prejudice shows there is much educational work yet to be done in teaching people that no truth, whether of creed or dogma, is advanced or appropriated by the human consciousness through futile attempts to force people to see with other eyes than their own. All faith to be saving, that is to have power, must be individual, the result of personal conviction, not of legal or moral compulsion.

We now come to the right of a man to save his body from disease and death (which certainly is "a pursuit of happiness"), and it is upon this subject that I wish to dwell. If a man may not choose his bodily physician, why should he have the right to choose his spiritual physician? Why should government regulate the one and not the other? The medical restrictive laws of some States certainly give the lie to the Constitution, to a degree which is most surprisingly incon-

sistent and contradictory.

Were the practice of medicine a science, that is, exact in its diagnoses, prognoses, and therapeutics, so that any patient calling in a physician might be morally sure of a correct diagnosis and prognosis of his case, and then of curative treatment, there might be some ground for a law compelling a sick man to employ a regular physician in whose system he had no confidence, and refusing to permit him to employ any other in whom he did have faith. But is this the case? If not, the whole foundation upon which any restrictive law can be constitutionally built crumbles into dust. Let the physicians themselves answer. "Out of their own mouths shall they be judged," for we have no desire to judge them. "Medicine is still an ineffectual speculation." - Dr. Joseph Bigelow, Ex-President Massachusetts Medical Society. And again Dr. Bigelow said: "I sincerely believe that the unbiassed opinion of most medical men of sound judgment and long experience is that the amount of death and disaster in the world would be less than it now is, if left to itself." "It would be better for mankind if all the medicines were poured into the sea, but it would be hard upon the fishes." Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D.

Prof. Gregory, of Edinburgh College, Scotland, makes this statement: "Ninety-nine out of every one hundred medical facts are medical lies." The great Magendie says that "Medicine is a great humbug." Dr. Alex M. Ross, F. R. S. of London, affirms that "the medical practice to-day has no more foundation in science, in philosophy, or common sense, than it had one hundred years ago." "It is based on conjecture," he adds, "improved by sad blunders, often hidden

by death."

"As we place more confidence in nature and less in preparations of the apothecary, mortality diminishes." — Prof.

Willard Parker, M. D., N. Y.

"Physicians have hurried thousands to their graves who would have recovered if left to nature."—Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., N. Y.

Let Sir Astley Cooper's voice be heard: "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture and improved by murder."

"The science of medicine is a meaningless jargon."—John Mason Good, M. D., F. R. S. Dr. Evans, F. R. S., London, says: "It has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence."

Dr. Benj. Rush, of University of Pennsylvania, said: "The conferring of exclusive privileges upon bodies of physicians and forbidding men of equal talents and knowledge under severe penalties from practicing medicine, are inquisitions,

however sanctioned by ancient charters and names, serving as the Bastiles of our science."

This array of testimony within the medical profession could be multiplied by scores of other equally great medical lights, who have similarly expressed themselves. But this is sufficient to prove that if any legislation whatever is needed, it is protection for the people against the experimentations of the medical profession. But this also is unnecessary. Enlightenment is the best and wisest, the surest and safest protection for humanity. A knowledge of facts is wanted; the fact that the means provided to overcome disease have proven inadequate; that a large proportion of diseases are given over by the medical profession itself, as incurable; that statistics give the rate of healthy persons to be one in four thousand or one fortieth of one per cent. Surely something is rotten in Denmark! What is it?

When we get a result in mathematics full of discord we erase our problem and go back to the beginning,—even so must we do when we find humanity groaning under the seeming burden of sin, sickness, and death, of inharmony and discord in its physical, moral, and mental life, go back to the beginning, and finding there that man was created in the image of God and consequently whole (healthy), know that there is a scientific way for man to reach that consciousness.

The world is indebted to homoeopathy [once irregular] and to the whole army of so-called irregulars and quacks who have helped to break down the empiricism and autocracy and monopoly of medical priestcraft, and who have made almost all the important discoveries adopted by the medical priestchood and claimed as their own. Only recently we took up the New York Evening Post and read an account of the meeting of the American Public Health Association. The antipodally opposite assertions made by the different M. D.'s even on so small a matter as the influence of trees upon health, were ludicrous in the extreme. We quote: Dr. C. A. Lindsay, of New Haven, said: "Our shading increases death and shortens life; the nervous system also suffers. The number of trees in New Haven was undoubtedly the cause of much malaria."

Dr. Henry P. Walcott, of Massachusetts, said he "lived in a town as much shaded as New Haven and found no harm from the great number of trees, but a direct benefit."

Dr. Geo. M. Stanburg, U.S. A., believed that "many malarious places were redeemed by the planting of trees," etc.

Would it not be wiser for man, a spiritual being, the manifestation and expression of omnipotence, to scientifically deduce from this statement of his being, his dominion over nature, rather than his slavery to it? That "the truth shall make you free" is scientifically demonstrated through

spiritual understanding alone.

That great and good man, the grandson of eminent greatness and goodness - Canon Wilberforce, of England, - was some months ago given over by the physicians to death or a Going apart to the country, he gave serious operation. himself up to six weeks' communing with God, when the heaven (within) opened, and the spiritual law of health was revealed to his consciousness, and the operation or his life which physical science demanded, became unnecessary.

In the light of this preface, it is hardly necessary to add that each and every person should have the legal, as he surely has the moral and constitutional, right to employ such method of treatment, be it eclectic, magnetic, or Divine healing through spiritual law (known as Christian Science, Faith Cure, or Mental Healing), as his own judgment and conscience believes in as most effectual. If any patient has no faith in drugs, no law can constitutionally compel him to take them, and no legal liability for criminal negligence can constitutionally, morally, or equitably rest upon the practitioner, since physicians themselves lose a far greater percentage of their cases than do those who dispense with drugs.

If the question of responsibility is to come up at all, it should apply to all practitioners, regular and irregular. Who would be hit the hardest in such an event it is easy to imagine! Fifty-five per cent. of the cases of pneumonia die under regular practice. But one case of pneumonia has been recorded or been known to have occurred under Christian Science, while cases given up by M. D.'s have been known to

recover under spiritual healing.

Should any law be enacted to prevent the prayer of understanding to be used at a patient's request, as a means for recovery, such law would of course have convicted, fined, and incarcerated Jesus of Nazareth, in whose Name, and by the power of the Christ, Christian Scientists alone are enabled to heal.

Their failures do not disprove what they persistently claim is a science; a science crudely stated as yet, may be, only in the infancy of human consciousness, the faint glimmering dawn of humanity's recognition and appropriation, but still destined to become the saving power of the world, because it is science, and all science whether of physics, metaphysics, or spirit, is one, for all have their source in Spirit, Infinite Mind, Law; and that law is Love, Truth, God.

Should a law be enacted, Christian Scientists should cease to use their power as a means of livelihood for the time being, and should demand no compensation which is perfectly justifiable ordinarily, because their *Time* and not the Truth is being paid for, and time is money. But never should a Christian Scientist refuse to heal, because the law of God, the command of Jesus the Christ to his disciples to "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers," etc., is undeniable and explicit, and must be obeyed at all hazards. Render unto Cæsar, should Cæsar demand it, those things which belong to Cæsar, the right to withhold a fee, but ere long the cures done in His name and through faith in His name, by the power of the Word, will produce such a revulsion and reaction as would inevitably sweep away forever all unjust restrictive measures.

We are forced, while in the act of writing this article, to correct our statement, made in an early paragraph, that in religion the Constitution of the United States is legally

respected.

Several most atrocious cases of the violation of the Constitution in matters of liberty of conscience and religious faith have recently occurred in the State of New York. Respectability, philanthropy, spiritual ignorance, or dogmatic materialism have joined hands with self-interest, and the struggle for existence on the part of the waning profession of medicine in their high art of legalized needless manslaughter of countless thousands, to aid and abet their nefarious scheme to imprison innocent, God-fearing, law-abiding, peaceful, productive citizens of the United States because of their religious faith.

There exists in Brooklyn a little band of about two hundred men and women from the humble walks of life, socially and industrially, about on a par with Jesus, the carpenter's son.

They are Norwegians, mostly seceders from the Presbyterian Church, no longer able to subscribe to the Westminster catechism and the mammon of unrighteousness, as so generally manifested by organized church christendom, because they do accept and try to follow the words, teachings, and life of Jesus Christ, the two being utterly inconsistent. This band of Christians call themselves by no other name than that of Christians, meeting weekly for worship in a disused church which they hire, having neither leader nor minister, but like the Quakers, each one leading and ministering out of the fulness of the heart, as led by the spirit of God. They call each other brother and sister, and consider it a part of their Christian profession and ministry to care for each other when sick or in want, or sorrow, or if unable to earn a living. They do not believe in medicine, but rather that it is directly contrary to the revealed word of God, and the explicit teachings of Jesus Christ.

The child of one of these disciples of Christ—Mr. Larson,— was taken ill with diphtheria and scarlet fever. The parents obeyed the injunction, which admits of but one interpretation, and hence must be discarded as "foolishness with man" though "wisdom with God" by whomsoever

does not accept and obey it.

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him; and the prayer of faith (not medicines, mark!) shall save the sick, and the

Lord shall raise him up." [James v. 14, 15.]

Realizing that little Gina was a very sick child, Mr. Larson sent for his former family physician, so in case that it was God's will to take his child (as he in company with many devout Christians believe is the case when death comes, but which Christian Scientists believe is always the failure on the part of man's consciousness,—through ignorance and fear—to discern and fulfil God's will, whenever man, the child of God, is sinful, sick, sorrowing or passes through the shock of physical death into the awakened consciousness of Spirit, that there is no death, since God, the one only Creator, is the Lord of Life). The physician came, prescribed, and came again. Seeing his medicine untouched, the physician enquired into it, and was told by the parents that it was contrary to Christ's teachings to take medicine. Jesus definitely commanded another method. The doctor

then became furiously angry, and threatened them with jail, imprisonment, and even exile of their whole community from the United States. "You will be sent back to Norway, those of you who are not put in jail here," he threatened.

Meantime the little five-year-old Gina was convalescing with a rapidity which would put to blush an honest M. D., when he looks at the ninety per cent. mortality of children under two years old, a condition of things which medical science, falsely so called, through fear, has brought about.

Our worthy M. D. reported the case to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which, in defiance of the Constitution of the United States, sent their medical emissary to see the child. This doctor, like Pilate, said in substance: "Why, what evil hath he done? The child is recovering; it is not sick enough to be sent to a hospital," and took his departure. But this did not satisfy the irate doctor who was determined to wreak vengeance on the head of these worthy people, and show them his supreme power, backed by the laws of New York which medical monopoly had placed on its statute books in defiance of the Constitution. Accordingly Pilate consented, the child was carried to the hospital, and the father to court, where many said he seemed similarly placed to Christ before his accusers, as this man of God gently but fearlessly stood a martyr for the faith that was in The judge (whose name, like the judge who sentenced the witches and Quakers to be hung and burned, will go down in history in the same unenviable way) sentenced Mr. Larson to five hundred days' imprisonment, or a fine of five hundred dollars!

What if every doctor who kills a patient were put in jail? We should not have one single physician outside of prison who was not harmlessly lying under the sod! We challenge any man to say to the contrary! Does a physician live, or has one ever lived, who never lost a patient by death?

The New York Sun, which like the New York World, is the paper of the People, and not of any privileged class, editorially remarked: "Larson, therefore, is to suffer judicial punishment because of his unquestioning faith in the teachings of the Bible, and his strict obedience to New Testament commands. He is a good man. No reproach is cast upon him, except that of folly in carrying his faith to so great an extreme, AND INTERPRETING LITERALLY A COMMAND

WHICH BEARS NO OTHER INTERPRETATION. . . Such absolute faith, as Justice Tighe told him, is foolishness according to the opinion of the nineteenth century; and when it is actually carried into practice, it becomes a CRIME under our penal code. YET WHO CAN READ THE NEW TESTAMENT AND NOT SAY THAT LARSON HAD GENERAL AND PARTICULAR JUSTIFICATION FOR HIS COURSE?" This, remember, is from one of the greatest daily papers in the United States. Even the Boston Transcript, in editorially remarking upon the sentence of Larson, says:—

"Persons so sentenced may be justified on their side in asking the State to prove to them that the medicine would have done some good if it had been administered. There is an appalling amount of uncertainty about this matter of medication. One physician says: 'Take this medicine or you will die!' Another, of equally high standing, says: 'Take this medicine and you will die!' There are plenty of cases where the relatives of sick persons refuse to follow the directions of a physician, and the patient recovers. In such cases the law never thinks of laying its hands on the relatives who took this responsibility."

"What is it that makes this act a crime in cases where the patient dies, and a praiseworthy and sagacious act when the patient recovers? . . . And if the parents are to be held responsible to the State for not administering medicine, when a child dies, what about the responsibility of the physicians in the hundreds of thousands of cases, where the medicine is administered and the

patient dies?"

But Gina Larson did not die, "Jesus made her good," or well, as she prated to the writer, although the story has gone out through the press of the country that she did, and the purposes of Medical Science, falsely so called, were accomplished. Through influence, little Gina was returned in ten days, a half-starved, insufficiently nourished child, to the tender care and love, as well as suitable maternal attention of its mother, where the writer saw her the day before writing this paper, a beautiful, happy child. Mr. Larson, by payment of \$200 (a remittance of \$300, through influence, the original fine imposed being \$500,) was released after several weeks' imprisonment, having been "persecuted for righteousness sake," by this free government, once the home of political and religious freedom, now the home of plutocracy and medical priestcraft.

Simultaneously with this episode in New York, the Rev. Mr. Penney, of Attleboro, Mass., who is also a Faith-curist, was threatened by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, with imprisonment because he refused to give his eleven-year-old child, sick with typhoid fever, any medicine.

Mr. Penney also was acting from Christian conviction, and believes with at least fifty thousand others, some claiming one hundred and fifty thousand, many of them cultured men and women of intellectual acumen and spiritual insight, that the time will come and is even now being ushered in, when it will be the accepted doctrine of all Christians.

Massachusetts courts decided that they had no jurisdiction over the case, unless death ensued, whereupon the Monopolistic papers of Boston and New York are vociferous in their demand that intelligent, Christian men and women shall be imprisoned if they obey Christ's explicit command and teaching.

Rev. Mr. Penney's child is also recovering.

What if little Gina Larson and Rev. Mr. Penney's child had taken medicine? Is it not possible they would not be in this world to-day? The United States Government, "of the people, by the people, for the people," will not allow such infamous laws to long remain upon their statute books,—laws which condemn as a criminal any man or woman for his or her religious convictions, and adherence to them. Let us obey man's law so far as it does not conflict with God's law. Let us report contagious cases to Boards of Health, but let us when it comes to taking medicine, if we believe God has provided another way for our deliverance, hold, though prison and death are before us, to the "Faith once delivered to the Saints," and which only those who reject the Bible in toto, can refuse to admit is binding upon the followers of Jesus Christ.

## THE ALIENIST AND THE LAW.

BY EMILY KEMPIN, LL.D., SECRETARY MEDICO-LEGAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK. PRESIDENT WOMEN'S LAW SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Physiology in its recent endeavors to penetrate into the ultimate recesses of nervous affection increases very materially the responsibility of the physician when called upon to

appear as an expert in court.

His duty to-day weighs more heavily in proportion as the amount of knowledge increases which is gathered concerning the complicated nervous action of man. The old adage is recalled again, that our increasing knowledge does but serve to reveal our ignorance. The alienist a few years ago had no need to concern himself with the judgment of a court, the judgment which he pronounced being ordinarily based upon external manifestations which, whether they were the outgrowth of a sane or a diseased mind, could be recognized as such by any layman of average intelligence. The question then was simply this: "Is the defendant insane or is he And insane he was judged to be, only when found breaking tables and chairs, or attempting suicide or when visibly a maniac. In many cases the true disease, that silent, deep-rooted, unconscious, and so dangerous hypochondria, was totally misapprehended, its victim was declared mentally sane, accountable for the deed committed, and judgment was passed upon him. Thus also, only a few years ago, hysteria was still deemed to be "a self-inflicted" (imaginary) disease, capable of subjection by dint of mere will power and This theory, unjust and cruel both to the patient and to those about him, has been happily done away with by science's latest efforts. Hysteria has begun to be considered a very serious disease. The former treatment or, rather, nontreatment, has been judged to lead directly to a total destruction of the nervous system, nay, even to insanity. Recent

research in the domain of psychology has made, beyond a doubt, wonderful discoveries. Nevertheless, the jurist of to-day has just ground of complaint that almost every point in the treatment of the insane is still unsettled or stands

upon very shaky ground.

To help Justice to victory is the jurist's ideal. But how can he succeed in his ideal aim if the physician himself, the only helpmeet in the case, is unable to show him to what degree the mind of the actual subject under discussion is disturbed, or whether it is disturbed at all? Justice is literally groping in the dark and oftentimes reads wrong for right. To err is human, of course, and we might rest content with having given our verdict according to our conscience and the best light to be obtained. On the other hand, however, it is just this human incompetence of our own perceptions and discriminations, that should prompt us to broaden our institutions in this direction, to give the law a more elastic compass, so as to enable us in any case of doubt to give the milder sentence.

I think too highly of the office of law and justice in social life to recommend indulgence in any weak sentimentality. But I wish to point out in this connection, that the philosophers themselves are still at variance as between Predestination and Free Will. Nowhere does the difference existing between these two schools come more conspicuously to light than in the adminstration of criminal law. As the latest evidence of this, two modern Italian schools may be cited here. The one, called the *Classical* school, represents the theory that man is possessed of moral freedom, and the criminal is a man like all the rest.

The other, the Positive school, plants itself upon the postulates of the alienist Lombroso. This clever investigator asserts that the difference between the insane and the sane can be stated by means of measurements, and that the respective results of the measurements can be applied in estimating the responsibility of the criminal. The factors are the shape and structure of the skull, the protrusion of the jaw, the length of the facial profile, the malformation of the ears and of the nose, and too great length of arms. He thinks that the criminal may be distinguished by the rapid emotional changes, by his extreme sensibility to magnetic disturbances of the atmosphere, his sudden outbursts of

anger, his alcoholic propensities, his passion for revenge, his unbounded vanity, and foremost by his lack of logic in the domain of the imagination and the mental functions.

In Lombroso's opinion the criminal is born, he is a product

of predestination.

Lombroso's theory has found many partisans among Italian jurists. Many placed themselves in active opposition to all the opinions hitherto in vogue, and they formulated their tenets as follows:

1. There is no free will, hence no moral freedom or lib-

erty of choice, no moral responsibility.

2. The recent researches into criminal anthropology have demonstrated that the criminal is not a normal man; and that he belongs to a special class of individuals.

3. Statistics have shown that the increase of crime is

uninfluenced by punishment.

Ferry, who has become a fellow-founder of this school, makes no claim that the criminal should go unpunished. He would have him punished, not because he is legally, but because he is morally, responsible to society. "These criminals" as he puts it, this peculiarly shaped and strangely tempered class of people, are doomed to suffer for their acts, because they must live in contact and company with men who are born under sound conditions. Ferry, therefore, advocates disciplinary methods, different from those applied by actual society. He urges, primarily, extensive preventive measures. Police measures as the force is now organized he values but slightly. What he insists upon mainly, is the removal of the causes of crime. For this purpose he would have changes made in our social condition. He advocates the abolition of convents and of celibacy, the promotion of divorce, compulsory education of destitute children, restriction of publicity in trials, and other measures of reparation and repression, too numerous to quote.

Of especial interest, however, is Ferry's method of disposing of the social fiend, the criminal. Capital punishment he declares to be useless and ineffectual, for if it were to be made efficient as a deterrent it would have to be performed in a manner inconsistent with the civilization of the nineteenth century. If not, it is but a scarecrow. Ferry would, therefore, have the criminal kept at hard labor, and should this prove ineffectual, the last resort would be transportation,

despite the bad experience already had with this kind of punishment,—transportation effected by the State and with no possibility of return for the criminal.

From Ferry's point of view the delinquent is a subject brutalized, intellectually and morally, hence the brute being transported is merely given over to his fitting home among

the savages.

Whatever may be thought of these theories of the Ferry school, so much is certain that their influence in Europe has been for good. They have brought the long neglected science of criminal law to a degree of development from which the best fruit may be expected. The theory of making a terrible example and a warning has become a thing of the past. We are beginning to feel compassion for the criminal. It is not for the sake of retaliation that he is to be made innocuous, but for the security of society itself. Thus when we come to mete out his punishment we shall also carefully take into account all the divers factors that induced the unfortunate to commit his crime.

The last point in this process has not yet been reached either in Europe or America, a fact clearly recognized in legal circles, in which, to-day, there is a marked tendency to

improve the administration of justice.

Prominent German, French, and Italian jurists have recently succeeded in forming an international association for the purpose of discussing and solving difficult problems of criminal law, as an association which, despite rivalry of race and language, and of inherited prejudice, have found members among the eminent jurists of almost all civilized countries.\* Every step taken in this direction must be greeted as one of genuine progress, not in the austere domain of science alone, but in the open gardens of human life.

The program of the International Union for the Improvement of Criminal Law is of great interest. Its fundamental

tenets are as follows: -

It is the mission of criminal law to combat the idea that crime is a social phenomenon. Therefore, science and legislation must take into account the result gained from anthropological and sociological research.

Although punishment is one of the most efficacious meas-

<sup>\*</sup>The United States are represented by Mr. F. R. Brockway, General Superintendent of the Reformatory of Elmira, New York.

ures in the hands of the State for combating crime, it is not the only one. It must be supplemented by social remedies and primarily by preventive ones. Care must be taken to distinguish between occasional delinquents and habitual ones, and this distinction should underlie all the provisions of the penal code.

Since the aims of repressive measures and penal law are identical, and since condemnation has no value other than in its method of execution, the distinction made in our modern law between repressive and penitentiary functions is irra-

tional and noxious.

Since privation of personal liberty rightly takes the first place in our penitentiary system, the Union devotes especial attention to everything concerning the amelioration of prisons and kindred institutions. Yet so far as the penalty of short term imprisonment is concerned, the Union considers the institution for imprisonment of measures of equivalent effect to be both possible and desirable. As to long term imprisonment, this should be determined not only by the gravity of the offence but also in accordance with the results shown by penitentiary system.

As to delinquents of incorrigible habits, the Union would render the punishment independent of the gravity of the offence committed and keep in view primarily the need of depriving the wrong-doer of the power to do evil even in

cases of reiterated petty offence.

## THE GLORY OF TO-DAY.

NO-NAME SERIES, NUMBER ONE.

What is around us, what we are familiar with, what we are part of, very seldom conveys to our minds its full importance. Entire appreciation demands distance, perspective. We cannot measure exactly, we can never idealize, the present. The hackneyed speech ascribed to Louis XIV., that "No man is a hero to his valet," illustrates this principle, and is as true of things as of persons. With our tendency to underrate the familiar, the present, is a stronger tendency to overrate the little known, the remote. The shadows of the past magnify objects, and stir the imagination. According to the ancient saw, "All times are good when they are old," just as bad men are expurgated by death. Many of us being dissatisfied, we try to vindicate our dissatisfaction by laboring to believe that our predecessors were more favorably situated in every way than we are. What we know we cannot have is apt to appear better than what we have. The greatest blessings are ever beyond our reach. The Enchanted Islands sparkle in some undiscovered sea.

Every age, every generation, however flourishing, has, so far as known, lamented itself, and instituted comparison with a previous age or generation of alleged boundless prosperity. During the period from Solon to Pericles, when Greece, or properly Attica, reached its acme of renown, there must have been innumerable maunderings about decline, and reference to the earlier and more fortunate days. I have heard women's-rights women allude to Sappho, Aspasia, and Diotma as representatives of the culture and appreciation of Athens, and deplore the deterioration of the succeeding centuries. Then women, they declared, were the equals of men in every particular, and behold how they shone, becoming immortal by their gifts!

to make out a case, had grown oblivious of history. That illustrious trio, who are invariably paraded, were not a bit They were hetaira, which, being Greek, does representative. not sound unpleasantly to American ears. The mesdames Grundy, of Attica, did not and would not associate with those superb creatures, who were accounted, if not outcasts, distressingly unconventional. The ladies, the best society of Athens, stayed assiduously at home, in the gynecium; wrought embroidery; talked trifles; were without culture, or in any way fitted for association with men of their class. Their husbands passed barely any time with them. They looked after their children and their households, but were substantially upper servants. While neglected,—they felt not their neglect, being without ambition or aspiration—they were, at least, not abused. If matrimonially dissatisfied, the announcement of the fact virtually sufficed for divorce. They had no share in, and no influence whatever on, the magnificent art and letters of the palmy period of ancient These were almost perfect of their kind; but their existing importance has been immensely exaggerated. has long been the fashion of owners of, or pretenders to, scholarship to rave over them. The best specimens have been, by good luck, preserved; but what was all Greece, and what did she know, compared with the present world? Pedants still expatiate upon the wondrous beauty of the Greek language; but they really know nothing, nor can any one know anything, of a language not spoken for near two thousand years. Ancient Greece has grown to be a fatuous form of classic fanaticism. All undue reverence of the past comes, indeed, from ignorance or affectation.

The augustan age of Rome has been lauded to the zenith by hundreds of writers. It was a very good age for Rome, which, after all that may be said, merely imitated Athens in what was creditable, and was principally noted for brute force. The Romans knew how to die,—no great accomplishment,—but not how to live. Most of the patricians were at best but educated barbarians. Their entire civil annals are but a record of warring factions, the Senate and Plebeians continually contending one against the other, under the leadership of demagogues. As soon as any one of them became conspicuous, he was assassinated. The greatest man, by all odds, that they ever had, they butchered, of

course. And it was he alone, if anybody, who could have restored order to the Empire. Our admiration of Rome

lessens with our acquaintance.

Italy is esteemed to be the reviver of Letters and Art, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Great artists, scholars, and authors blossomed into fulness and celebrity Manners were more refined, conversation of the Simultaneously, licentiousness, treachery, rapine, daintiest. and murder were practiced like musical instruments. Accomplished nobles bade their friends to sumptuous banquets, and poisoned them with rarest wines. Cardinals embraced in pious councils, and hired bravos to stab one another, after they had parted with ecclesiastic blessing. women left their lovers' arms, and plotted their death in the next hour. Popes, the vicegerents of God on earth, had illegitimate children, ridiculed Christianity in private, and plundered their neighbors openly. Many of the holy fathers were unscrupulous politicians in the garb of sanctity. Women were ravished, children strangled, cities laid waste, every cruelty and infamy done, while the classics were discussed, and religion urged and honored. Verily, those are times to praise and worship. Those are the times whose return we should sigh for without ceasing.

The Elizabethan era, the days of good Queen Bess, glitter in history. They were excellent for England's growth, cohesion, and power; but they were bad enough, otherwise, even for that epoch. Frobisher, Hawkins, and Drake, so extolled then, were common buccaneers, who deserved many hangings for their endless misdeeds. Good Queen Bess, faith! In what was she good? She was tyrannical, weak, conceited, mercenary, selfish, perfidious, cruel; she never told the truth, and never could come to a decision. She had all the faults and infirmities of the poorest and meanest of her sex, and scarcely any of their virtues. whole country was rent with internal dissensions, every sort of trouble. If England advanced in her reign, it was in her despite. She treated abominably her ablest ministers; never kept faith with them; refused to pay them for their invaluable services. They achieved, while she tried to keep them back, playing false with everybody, save her miserable favorites. Her redeeming trait was courage; but a bigger

sham has seldom occupied the British throne.

A yet bigger fraud, however, wore the French crown, almost two generations later, and he was styled the Great He was chiefly grand in humbug, as recent investigators have proved. But, during his prolonged, ill-omened reign, he schemed successfully to hoodwink his whole court touching his affluent deficiencies, even adding several inches to his stature by high-heeled shoes and splendidious wig. Without these he had no majesty, not a minimum, as Thackeray's ludicrous drawing illustrates. Louis, mighty ruler though he assumed to be, was always ruled; first by mistresses, secondly by priests, much the worse of After his generals had won battles, he journeyed in great state to the field, and claimed the victory. What his diplomatists did, he swore was his doing. There happened to be many brilliant writers and scholars in France in his day, and he imagined himself to be their creator. Being present in the Low Countries at a battle which was going against him, he is reported to have exclaimed, "Am I to understand that you allow this, God, after all that I have done for your glory?" His subjects were ground to the dust by taxation and despotism; the entire kingdom was heaped mountain high with debt. He had genius - a genius for lofty imposition on his contemporaries. Saint Simon has specially pricked this enormous bubble in his mordantly truthful memoirs. Louis' age was another augustan age, of which the terrible Revolution was the sequel, and logical conclusion.

We are but a hundred years old, a people of this morning's sunrise; and yet we, or rather our numerous band of croakers, are bewailing what has been, as if supreme and impeccable. In the pregnant days, from '57 to '61, Europe looked on the young Republic, shook her hoary head unsympathizingly, and chuckled, "The boy is all buttons and boast, and has swaggered himself out of his trousers." Many natives of preterit proclivities felt constrained to admit that the spirit of the Colonies had distilled; that so noble patriotism could not be rekindled. "We democrats of the West are not war-like," it was said. "We are commercial and will arrange our dissensions amicably, as best we may." Hoary Europe echoed them. "O no, they will not fight. Bragging is their game." Did we fight? My memory is that we did, and that our fighting awoke surprise, confusion, finally admira-

tion and appreciation, in the Old World, and taught her various valuable lessons in military art. Such a civil war had never been before; such patriotism had never been shown. And it was a sublime moral spectacle, when the vast armies, at the close of the terrific strife, melted back into peaceful pursuits, leaving behind not a martial trace. In an earlier age, in another country, such a termination would have been impossible. And when the need comes, if it ever

should come, we shall again be equal to the task.

Bah! How tiresome it is to have the grandeur of departed days dinned into our ears! Instead of all times being good when they are old, it approximates truth to say, "All times are good when they are new." To hold a different opinion is ultra-conservative; is to belong to the silurian period; to be altogether unilluminated and unilluminatable. The earth does not go backward, any more than the other planets, or any part of the cosmic system. Nature is progressive; everything moves onward and upward. A great many men are inclined to think that things deteriorate with their added years. To their eyes, things do deteriorate. But this shows that the men are waxing old, not that the world is worsening.

They who keep in the current, and swim bravely, perceive that the shores they pass grow finer and richer steadily. The bulk of men are incapable of broad views. They are corroded with themselves. Their pettiness distempers their blood; because they lose their grip, they are sure that the orbits of the celestial bodies have suddenly become eccentric. Because they are assailed with dyspepsia, they fancy the

universe to be out of equipoise.

There are always Jeremiahs lamenting over diminution and decay. There always will be Jeremiahs, while there are listeners. Prophecies are getting cheap; the discount of disparagement ascends unwaveringly. Wails over the past grow fewer and less boisterous, as the years march on triumphant. The later years are so fraught with light as to reflect forward and backward at once. We now learn more in a lustrum than a century has heretofore taught. The green idol of the by-gone is crumbling. All intelligent worshipers have long since deserted its shrine. Nevertheless, a huge multitude kneel around the altar, and fill the temple with echoes fainter and fainter, until they perish, still-born, of soundlessness.

Almost no epoch of the past will bear austere examination. Countless historic records, long believed, have recently proved to be fables. The chroniclers of old were credulous as children. They saw through their imagination. Love of the marvellous was their spur. Antiquity is more or less a narrative of prodigies. Its puissant battles, its invincible heroes, would impel us to believe that the human race had dwindled. Every man of wide experience might think so, but for his knowledge that hyperbole is interwoven with the Much deception has made us cautious and critical. We have been educated to wholesome distrust. We are disposed to believe only what we see, and, on reflection, but We are weary of the Astolfos, the Allorys de l'Estoc, the Geoffreys de Frises, the Guys de Bourgogue that wear the dominoes of reality. We turn from them, and all their blazon, to our quiet neighbor, to our early friend, and find in him a degree of patience and courage that the ideal Paladins were not credited with. If you want unalloyed heroism, look for it at the close of this century. The fustian and the rant are gone; but the grit, as it has never been, stays and strengthens.

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The passing of chivalry is yet deplored. What a happy passing of the pseudo chivalry it was! The knights-errant who for five centuries disgraced the Old World, pretended to right wrong; protect the weak; succor the distressed. But, beneath their pretension and vaporing, they were coxcombs, libertines, marauders, and ruffians. In the name of honor and glory, they lied like epitaphs; robbed like the sea; debauched maidens; murdered defenceless prisoners. Compare these meprisable swashbucklers with the humble American, who will, on instinct, risk his life for a woman he has not known, or never seen. Just symbol this of the

romantic past, and the practical present!

But we have no great statues, no epic poems? Nor have we mastodons or ichthyosauri. This is not the age for them. Each age has its exponents, its characteristics, which belong to and fit into their surroundings. We are without Greek temple or Delphic priestess. But we are also without an ignorant populace, and without childish superstition. We have what we need, what we crave. We have, in this land particularly, freedom and humanity. Humanity, worth more than art and literature, than treasure and titles, is not

a hundred and fifty years old. Jean Jacques may be said to have presided at its birth. This is specially the era of Science, which is the source of advancement and of Truth. Through it, we are steadily subjugating and educating Nature into the service of Man, the noblest and most valuable of employments. Nature seems willing to furnish what we earnestly and laboriously seek. Who can divine then what secrets she may yet divulge for our development and advantage? The world has actually moved within a century as never before. Beyond that lived the ancients. We of this generation are pre-eminently the moderns. We have surrendered the babble and nonsense of metaphysics and doctrines, to take up facts and principles. We feel assured that we are at last on the right track. The globe is being democratized, and we are in the van, and intend to stay Everywhere is discontent. Happy sign! We rejoice Progress and amelioration are the children of discontent, a noble and prolific sire. We are incontrovertibly on the eve of new adjustments, which must continue and improve. The glory is to-day. A greater glory may be to-morrow. Happy they who are born now, and in this Country! We are the Nation of the future, and the unswerving pursuers of ideas and ideals. We are thoroughly practical; but we cleave, at the same time, more and more to letters and the arts. What the Nation has accomplished in a hundred years is the best augury of what it will accomplish in the future. Our past has confused prophecy. What may not the coming centuries yield! We have never truly lived until the present, which is worth all that has been. If our senses were acute enough, we could hear the world growing better,—better socially, politically, morally, mentally. All rills in the dim distance have swollen into streams, and are bearing us toward our destiny,-greater than we have ever dreamed. Is life worth living? If it never has been, it is worth living now. All lands, all ages, all civilizations have contributed and are contributing to the Great Republic. She is the youngest and most robust child of Time, and the golden prime is, and ever will be, the Present.

# THE BIBLE AND MAN'S DESTINY THROUGH ETERNITY.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

#### PART I.

GOD'S OWN VOUCHERS FOR THE VERBAL INFALLIBILITY OF HIS WORD.

THE character of our Lord Jesus Christ is from the first word in the Book of Genesis, down to the closing verses of the Book of the Apocalypse, an utter incredibility, except by the testimony of a Divine, miraculous, verbal revelation from the Creator, by His Holy Spirit, unto all mankind. The words and thoughts of such a revelation can be nothing less than a ministration of Truth from time to Eternity, by an inward experience that commands men's attention, as though they perceived the footsteps of supernatural presences. The fossil remains of an angel in a bed of coal would hardly be more surprising than the sight of a human being assuming the moral image of God, in the midst of a cycle of human natures, where "there is none that doeth good, no, not one," but all are conscious of a supreme selfishness. There is something of the same feeling of amazement and incredulity, as when a Blondin is seen walking in the air, and performing motions on a tight rope, in doing or attempting which, most persons would lose their balance upon earth. Just so, these spiritual attainments, exercises, developments, are felt to have in them a divine origin and authenticity. They are altogether of God, not man, proofs of the presence and power of Deity. Thus, the whole character of the Lord Jesus Christ is superhuman, miraculous, and affects all men who behold it, as it would if they saw him walking on the sea or stilling the tempest. The command over the elements is not more wonderful than that perfect self-forgetfulness, and victorious and blissful consciousness of power in God, at his own disposal, and in his own right. And wherever

and in whatever degree we are permitted to behold any likeness of our Saviour in human beings upon earth, we have a right to say as concerning the Holy City New Jerusalem and its inhabitants, THE LORD IS THERE! Who else will ever be, or can be, there, save only the believers in the revealed Word of God, and His pardoning and regenerating mercy,

through our Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Infinitely glorious, and blessed beyond all conception, is this declaration of the power and glory of the regenerating grace of Christ in the new creatorship of every believer. Heart, mind, thoughts, imaginations, will, active life and the impulses of action, all alive unto God, and answering to His whole being and attributes; all exquisitely sensitive to His will, and jealously correspondent and obedient; all impulses originating with Him, and passing through His existence, by His Word, His law, His love, upon and within the soul, and answering back with ecstatic responses to His glory!

"Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him. Add thou not unto His words, lest He reprove thee, and thou be found a liar. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is true, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart, the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times." "As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried; He is a buckler to all those who trust in Him. Ye shall not add unto the Word which I command you, neither shall ve diminish aught from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the Lord your God which I command you. What thing soever I command you, observe to do it; thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it." "It is written: Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord shall man live."

All this is reaffirmed by Him. This testimony is that of the Lord Jesus. Is it honest, is it true? The character of Christ is staked upon it. On the lowest computation of infidelity itself, it is the testimony of a good man. The very scoffers at revelation admit the goodness, the honesty, the unquestionable integrity, the perfect character of Christ. He is an unimpeachable witness. They who reject every other part of divine revelation, receive without hesitation, as true, the Words of Jesus. They admit that Christ was goodness incarnate, truth and love without mixture and without deception. But here is the testimony of such a being, the personification and example of uprightness and goodness to the race, as to his own rule of life and conduct, as to the infallible perfection of that rule, and as to its supreme and perfect, unquestioned and unquestionable authority over all mankind. An absolute, unhesitating regard to it and obedience of it are presented as the principle of his own character, the inflexible determination of his own conduct in all things; and he declares that what it is for him, it is and must be for all mankind, their sole authoritative rule.

Now, if this testimony is not true, the Lord Jesus knew it, and consequently you have this acknowledged, trustworthy, and good being, the admitted personification and example of all goodness, basing his whole life upon a lie, setting out in his public ministry of self-denying and suffering benevolence, with the proclamation of a known enormous falsehood, as the foundation of it, and the authority for it, and endeavoring to impose the same falsehood upon the whole human But this deception, this huge, vast swindle is inconsistent with the lowest supposition of any goodness and honesty whatever in the being who, under such solemn circumstances, on such a stupendous theatre and compass, publishes this testimony. The Old Testament Scriptures must therefore be received as the perfect Word of God, or this witness, though acknowledged to be the most perfect example of goodness and truth, is infinitely deceitful and wicked, the Alpha and Omega of falsehood, imposing under the guise and influence of assumed goodness, the greatest of all possible forgeries, an uninspired, imperfect, human production, as the authoritative revelation of Jehovah for mankind.

We are confined to this dilemma. Either this book, these written revelations, to which Christ refers us, are the Word of God, and we are bound to receive and obey them as such, or that admitted Personification and reality of truth and love, on whose testimony this fact of divine inspiration stands, is a false witness, a person of incontestable and immeasurable wickedness. This wondrous Being, the

light of the world, the light of life, the divinity of truth and goodness, of love and mercy, incarnate, this Being, who went about doing good, who could stand amidst malignant enemies on every side, and say, with his life and character, as transparent to their view as the air of their own landscapes, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" this Being, in the admiration and eulogy of whose moral loveliness and glory, with the transcendent beauty and grandeur of whose life and death, the capacity and genius of infidels themselves have been employed and exalted, is the greatest of deceivers, and the light that was in him was the very blackness of darkness; if the Old Testament Scriptures, to which he applied the comprehensive designation, "It is written," are not the Word of God; and if the predictions, and declarations, the types and laws of those Scriptures, did not culminate in him as the Son of God incarnate, if they were not fulfilled in him, if they did not testify of him, and make belief in him, and obedience to him the duty of all creatures, and the only possibility of eternal life, then Christ Jesus was the greatest impostor of the ages.

The reach and power of this argument is readily perceived. It is palpable, unanswerable, unescapable. The Lord Jesus Christ is the central personage and reality of Divine Revelation. To him all truth converges, and around him as the central Sun, all light, all orbs of light, gravitate, and on him they depend. To him all the testimonies of God travel, and from him all light is reflected back, as the renewed and repromulgated testimony of God, God being His own interpreter in Christ, and not permitting divine truth, divine revelation to depend on any other than a divine

witness.

Thus the Lord Jesus stands, "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the Word incarnate, and travels with his disciples through the Old Testament, bidding them search it as for their life, because it testifies of him, telling them that in it not man, but God testifies, and expounding unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself. And then from the same central position, as the Way, the Truth, the Life, and from the Cross, uplifted as the source and centre of salvation, he creates and establishes the New Testament Scriptures, himself their life, in his sufferings and death, and the fountain of their inspi-

rations, the vital element of their light, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, the end of the law for righteousness, the manifestation of the divine attributes and glory, the consummation and proof of all divine revelation, "the light of the knowledge of the Glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ!"

And if the things revealed concerning this manifestation were disclosed in mortal language, as when our blessed Lord revealed to his disciples the things in all the Scriptures concerning himself, then must those Scriptures, inspired by the Holy Spirit, and spoken by Christ, be the very expositions in and through the study of which, the angels of heaven desired and endeavored to obtain their knowledge of the "riches of the glory of Christ's inheritance in the saints."

The most boundless prepossessive belief of childhood in the words of the Holy Scriptures, as the words of God, is the intuition of robust reason, in comparison with the delusions of those who turn the whole Word of God into a book of fables, and make the New Testament as well as the Old,

the most untrustworthy record ever imposed upon human

But this they do,—the whole race of rationalistic critics, who deny a supernatural inspiration, or an infallible revelation of divine truth, in the books of the Bible. This being their postulate, nothing but the destruction of all trust in God and a Divine Saviour, can ensue in those whose minds and hearts are enveloped in the blackness of such darkness. What utter impossibility is involved in such a supposition as that of the angels in heaven, in the very presence of God, being shut up to the study of conjectured documents of men's traditions, received from idolatrous races of unbelievers in God, to find out the meaning of the very name of God, by theories invented, near two thousand years after the coming of Christ into the world!

There is another hypothesis of infidelity, so crude, so gross, so absurd, yet withal so subtle, abstract, and shadowy, and requiring such a monstrous capacity of credulity to encompass and swallow it, that it has already gone into the darkness, even as a bog-jelly or miasmatic exhalation from dank marshes at midnight loses its glow and its very existence in the morning sun; and that is, the supposition through the brains of Strauss, that all this manifestation of

the divine glory never had any existence; that there never was any such personage as Jesus Christ; nor any such life, nor any such revelation of truth, nor any such divine history, or concatenation of events; but that this loveliest of all lovely presentations of character and example, and this grandest of all sublime manifestations of possible celestial life, the most consistent and harmonious in every development earthward and heavenward, and the fullest of internal evidence, and intrinsic and outshining demonstration (a demonstration the more irresistible the greater the torture of investigation, comparison, and acquisition it is subjected to), was all a mere myth, the chance gathering and rising of a fabulous legend, wilder and more fictitious than the Arabian Night's entertainments! That this character of a perfect man, this delineation of infinite truth and loveliness, with all the divine precepts, instructions, examples, embodied in it, and leading men to holiness and salvation, to God and heaven, and these disclosures of supernatural ideas, and of a divine scheme of redemption, that never by any possibility could have entered the mind of the natural man, or been suggested by any but a divine being, were the haphazard productions of human fancy and depravity.

The extent of credulity and blindness in man, that could gravely propound and receive such articles as the creed of unbelief, surpasses all the faith of devils in man's capacity of superstition, and subdues the reason of man, in imitating the monstrosities of devil-worship. The very first utterance of Christ in the Gospel is enough to annihilate this preposterous scheme. The first petition in Our Lord's Prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name—" the very first words Our Father, are sufficient to sweep the whole into nothingness, as a most mad and blasphemous delusion; and indeed, the breath of that holy supplication dissipates these damp, mildewing cobwebs from the surface of the human reason, as the fresh north wind and new-risen sun drive the night fog from the bosom of the ocean.

A comet may excite astonishment, but you can see the stars even through its tail, so that a thousand such interventions would not raise the beginning of a suspicion that the stars and not the comets were the unreal appearances. But thus do the wandering delusions of unbelief, to which are reserved the blackness of darkness forever, rise and flicker

and disappear from generation to generation, sometimes glaring across the firmament, alluring unstable souls, while the majestic orbs of truth divine roll on in their brightness,

the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

If any man should tell you that the range of the Himalaya mountains in Asia, whose tops pierce the heavens, or the Andes in America, or the Pyrenees, or the Alps in Europe, were nothing in the world but an imaginary jelly, a fictitious mist that you could sweep away with a broom; if anyone should tell you that the Alleghany mountains over which railroads climb with such toilsome and costly zigzags, or through tunnels excavated at such vast labor and expense, were only an optical delusion, an imaginary bank of fog, through which any pedestrian with an umbrella could walk on an uninterrupted level from the Atlantic Slope to the Pacific; and if a man of great intellectual power and astuteness should write a volume to demonstrate this theory, and commend it to the credit of mankind, this would not be an absurdity one thousandth part so monstrous, so absurd, as the gigantic fantasy deliberately broached and offered to the world for truth, that the being and life of Jesus Christ, and all the infinite granite peaks and table-lands of revelation, all the stupendous disclosures from God and heaven through him, were nothing but the shadows of legendary fictions, the imaginary creations of unknown brains, glittering mirages in the air, superstitions reflected from the hot sand wastes of human depravity, wandering, mythical mists and fogbanks, settled into the forms of mountain ranges.

They that continue and will accept such drafts upon human credulity and teach the same, must be, if any ever are, in the category of those given over of God "to strong delusion to believe a lie, that they all might be condemned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteous-

ness."

All this the devil in the wilderness well knew, nor did he attempt to come to the Son of God as an unbeliever. The first form of the temptation was personal, as an appeal to our Lord's perishing condition, after forty days' and nights' fasting, and in bodily anguish with hunger. He would have tempted him to perform a miracle, only for himself, and for his bodily and not his spiritual work and service. If thou be the Son of God, all things are at thy disposal. Why

wait here and suffer hunger, when the elements of nature are thy servitors, and at a word will bring thee food?

"Command these stones, that they be made bread." Thou wilt die otherwise, and thy cause will perish. The appeal was to that voice from heaven which had been uttered in our Lord's baptism, when the devil also had doubtless been present and had heard the voice of God, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "Well now, if thou be the Son of God, set up thy dominion at once, and assert and prove it openly, for all things are subject unto thee, and all claims are inferior to the necessity of thine own existence."

"Nay, but I, myself, and all creatures, are subject unto God's Word. My meat and drink is to do the will of my Father who is in heaven. And even as the Son of God, born of a woman, descended of the fathers as concerning the flesh, and with them under the law, I came not to destroy the law, nor to set myself above it, but to confirm and fulfil it. I can do nothing of myself, but as the Father hath given me commandment, so I do.

"I can do nothing but at God's Word, and it is written, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live,' The Word of God cannot be broken and that is my guide. I cast myself on God, and esteem obedience to His commandments more than my necessary food. "In the volume of the Book, it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O God, yea, thy law is written in my heart."

Thus, the first personal appeal and argument of the Lord Jesus was an immediate assertion, not of his own authority, but of the authority and inspiration of the Word of God. He would not condescend even to assert his divine Sonship, or his commission, or his power, in answering the tempter, but simply threw himself, with all mankind, upon the written Word of God as his supreme law, and in obedience to it, and with a trust in God accordingly, as the sum and substance of his ministry.

He answered Satan just as he afterwards answered that certain lawyer who stood up and tempted him, saying: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He said unto him, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?"

Having met with tremendous rebuff, and finding the Lord

Jesus inexorably and immovably entrenched within God's Word, impregnably fortified there, as in a divine citadel, there is no hope of moving him from without, the Tempter tries again.

He had hoped to cope with the Son of God by himself, apart, as it were, from the Godhead, and to tempt him into the inadvertent assertion of his own independent power and majesty.

Self-will, self-seeking, self-provision, self-anxiety, self-dependence, so seductive, so alluring, self-pride and the assumption of dominion at his own pleasure, the very thing by which the devil himself fell, the same devil would first of all try upon the second Adam, since by a similar assault he had plunged the first with all his race into sin, death, and ruin. But the "Son of God came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." For even Christ pleased not himself, but made himself of no reputation, and said, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of my Father in heaven." Being absorbed in the will of God, he was bound up in the Word of God, and the devil found him inaccessible on any ground outside the Scriptures.

Now, then, he will take him in the Scriptures, for he knows them all; he has studied the prophecies, he has watched the signs of their fulfilment, he is a cunning and malicious theologian, and for dead, dry orthodoxy he hath nowhere So he also will play this card himself, "It is his match. written." "He will quote and apply Scripture with cunning plausibility and sophistry, in the hope to make Christ fall by presumption, by the very pride of the privileges and glory and dignity of his office beforehand. He will tempt him to prove his mission, and make a vain-glorious display of his confidence in God, by a needless exposure of himself to danger requiring God's interposition." "So he taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him: If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." "Seen of angels." We may suppose that angels may have been in waiting, that a cloud of them may have been floating over the Holy City, that the tempter himself may have been aware of their presence, as they gathered round about the temple,

and lay upon their wings in the clear, transparent air, wondering how far the great fallen archangel would be permitted to go in his mysteriously endured work of temptation,

upon their incarnate Lord and Creator.

But would the Saviour yield to such a suggestion? Not if there was anything in God's Word that forbade him so to apply God's promises. And therefore, when Satan had quoted Scripture to induce our blessed Lord needlessly to challenge its application as belonging to himself, instantly the devil is rebuffed and beaten again with another Scripture. It is written again, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Satan is driven to despair; and he ends with Christ where he generally begins with all ordinary mortals, by the application of alluring and seductive offers of riches, power, dominion and splendor. He takes most men, first, at this lowest point, and has no need to go higher, no need to neglect the grosser passions, and play upon a loftier, more spiritual ambition.

But with Christ, he began as it were at the very gate to heaven, where he found him, and would have had him work a miracle to save himself from death. Just so, at his last hour, men with the spirit of the devil railed on him and said: "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross and we will believe thee."

Now after all these failures, it can have been hardly anything but sheer desperation that drove the devil to his last resort, and to the use of stratagems and lies, which instantly unvailed him in his true character of the father of lies, and

a murderer and liar from the beginning.

For when he began to say, after bringing forward by some diabolical magic, a vision of all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, "All this is mine, and to me it is delivered, and to whomsoever I will I give it; and if thou wilt fall down and worship me, all shall be thine;" then did Christ instantly reveal and Satanize him, for thus, everyone must have known that a liar and a devil was before him.

And then did Christ finally address and smite him as the devil, but still with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. "Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him."

We should be grateful for the unexpected testimony of the devil, as to what is written in the Old Testament being the true and undisputed Word of God. We did not indeed need that evidence, but it is not to be despised; and any evidence extorted from a criminal which criminates himself, is of all things most undeniable. It is however, not extorted, for the devil gives it willingly, and in the most natural way, —First, by admitting the authority of what is written in Moses and the Prophets as divine, and second, in quoting and urging the same, himself, as indisputable.

## IS THERE A TO-MORROW FOR THE HUMAN RACE?

BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know?"—Young's Night Thoughts.

" One thing is, therefore another is." - Quintilian.

IS THERE A TO-MORROW FOR THE HUMAN RACE? The unanswered enigma of the past, the unsolved problem of the future, can science assist in its solution? Can we reason of to-morrow from what we know of yesterday and to-day? Or must we depend on so-called revelation as interpreted by creeds and dogmas? Is it a question to be decided by faith or by facts? If by the former, whose faith shall the inquirer accept, as the foundation of his investigations? If by the latter, on what evidence are the facts to be established? There is no accepted standard by which the basis of faith can be accurately measured and verified, while errors in the interpretation of facts are obstacles in the way of all logical demonstrations. If inferences from established facts are often precarious, how uncertain must be the conclusions drawn from questionable historical evidence.

In all investigations it is very difficult to be sure of facts, then to ascertain the conditions that surround them and the laws that govern them. These are the obstacles ever in the way of honest enquiry, and in our efforts to overcome them, we must rely more or less on the evidence of our senses. They are liable to err, it is true; yet, outside of the realm of mathematics no more truthful witnesses can be produced in any forum; and when they are educated to careful observation and unprejudiced conclusions, a verdict rendered upon their testimony will seldom be reversed on a "writ of error" or an "appeal to a higher court." Even Agnosticism cannot doubt

the truthfulness of these faithful servitors of man, through whose evidence alone do we gain a knowledge of all natural phenomena, and when they tell us of things that in the ordinary course of nature ought not to happen, they are as Sir John Herschel said: "Often clues that lead to new discoveries."

The first lesson taught to primal man by the senses was: "That the visible universe was composed of matter and force, and dull indeed would have been the intellect that could not recognize this fact in every moving thing. Centuries passed and it became an established scientific fact that there was an intelligence in this force that directed the movements of

atoms in accordance with formulated designs.

If matter and force now exist they must be eternal, for if there was a time when they were not, and they now are, then has something been born of nothing, and if the time shall come when they will not be, then will something be resolved into nothing. That something cannot be the offspring of nothing, or nothing claim something as its primogenitor is a proposition, which although trite, is so self-evident that even Agnosticism cannot say: "I do not know that it is true."

In his pursuit of knowledge man must recognize facts and admit the testimony of self-evident truths, and from thence he can with more or less certainty reason from the known to Tillotson says :- " That those things are certhe unknown. tain among men which cannot be denied without obstinacy or folly." If then the existence of matter and force is admitted, is it not self-evident that they have been, during all time past, and will continue to be for all time to come, and that all their attributes are as enduring as the future? Is it not also evident that in all natural phenomena, force must first exert its influence on matter before its atoms Therefore all movement must be in strict accordcan move? ance with the laws of force. And as matter never evinces any evidence of intelligence except when it is intelligently moved, is it not evident that intelligence is an attribute of force alone, and that it is only through matter that it manifests its designs? It is as certain that there can be no design without intelligence as that there can be no execution of a design without matter. When one of two material substances is to be selected for a particular purpose, the one perfectly adapted, and the other unadapted therefore, it is

evident that the force that makes the proper selection must be intelligent, for the ability to choose the right and reject the wrong can only belong to intelligence and is not a prop-

erty of matter.

Two seeds are planted in the earth. The one that of the vine, the other of the oak. Without force they would remain unchanged forever, and with force not intelligent both would move alike. But observe the result of "vegetative energy." Upon and around the seed of the vine it deposits proper nourishment which it intelligently gathers from the surrounding earth, air, and water; and with the skill of the most accomplished artisan it chooses the elements necessary for its peculiar life and construction, as if it had the wine-press and goblet in contemplation in their selection, while by its side the same intelligence is selecting other elements — or the same in different proportions — and is laying the keel of a ship of war or an ocean palace. How and from whence comes this difference, save that the intelligence of the force that superintends the construction of both vine and oak has so ordained it?

It must be evident even to Agnosticism that there are three eternals, matter, force, and intelligence, and may we not see in these a manifest trinity who

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

As there are different conditions and combinations of matter so are there different degrees of intelligence revealed in those conditions and combinations. From the feeblest manifestations of what scientific ignorance calls the instincts of insect and animal life to the highest reasoning faculty of man, there is a constant and increasing gradation of advancing intellectual capacity, and none can say when or where, in the process of evolution, the individual personality fitted for a future life begins, or when or where the immortal Ego was born. Nor is this knowledge necessary to man's belief in his own immortality. We know that we now exist from positive evidence and not from hope and faith, and if we have the same, or like evidence, that those we call dead, yet live, that we had that they once lived, how can we logically deny the continuity of life or the certainty of the coming to-morrow? Human intelligence has its distinctive characteristics

by which it is always recognized in this life. They are reason, reflection, friendship, love, and memory, with the methods of communicating them in our business or social intercourse. These are peculiarities that belong only to our race, and if after death they manifest their presence to us by the same signs or tokens that we recognized in life as marks of personal identity, how can we doubt their continued existence?

We know that our absent friends are living because we communicate with them and recognize their memory of the past, their peculiar modes of expression, their mental idiosyncracies as manifested in the thoughts they utter, and the phraseology in which they are clothed, we have no doubt of their identity. These well-known "ear marks" of their personality are evidence as conclusive as any upon which men or nations act in the most momentous affairs of life. They are only found attendant upon a human soul and if after death they are manifested, is it not certain that the intelligent force or beings from whom they come yet live and

preserve their individuality?

We receive a letter from a distant correspondent,—it is either of business, friendship, or affection. How do we recognize it? The handwriting may be very different from that of the person whose signature is attached. It may be that of an amanuensis or in the type of the Caligraph, yet if memory of the past is there, if incidents known only to the one who dictated it and ourselves are related, we know with certainty its authorship, and on such evidence as this, not only are messages of remembrance and affection received and returned, but the whole business of the commercial world is transacted. The measured click of the telegraph is recognized as a medium of human thought because we know that thought is thus transmitted, and that nothing else can produce the intelligent phenomenon.

When we remember that in the countless volumes of human recollection that have been written by the different personalities in the past there are none alike in page or paragraph, how can we doubt the identity of the authorship of those in which are written secrets, known only to the writer and to ourselves? Neither does it matter to us how the communications are made, whether by signs, symbols, or in our own familiar chirography, the evidence of authorship is

in the substance of what is related. Handwriting may be counterfeited but not memory of the past. In every human breast is a casket of recollections whose treasures are known only to its possessor, and if there is no to-morrow to the human soul after the night of death, all these memories are buried in our graves. But if personal recollections survive the slumber of the night, and on the morrow tell their familiar tales to their companions of yesterday, is it not absolutely certain that death is not eternal oblivion, but the dawn of another day?

In vain may sage and savant by obscure theories clothed in scientific verbiage, attempt to explain away this evidence. The logic of the experience of every day life confounds their philosophy and its conclusions. "Conscious cerebration" cannot cause a fragment of stone to perform an intelligent act, when it is beyond human contact or the reach of physical force, and "unconscious cerebration" has no lever or fulcrum known to science by which it can move the most minute atom of matter, and yet in so-called spirit phenomena an unseen force not only does perform this seemingly impossible feat, but it relates to enquiring friends, familiar scenes of the past, recognizes those who are present, answers interrogatories mentally propounded, and not unfrequently points to the future with the unerring finger of true prophecy.

It is useless for the disbeliever to deny these facts. They are so clearly and conclusively proven to-day by unbiased, credible, scientific, and competent witnesses, who have observed this occult phenomena, and related what they have seen and heard, that disbelief of their testimony is but the incredulity of uncharitableness, or the denial of bigotry and prejudice. In our courts, where the science of evidence is regarded as a compilation of the wisdom of the ages, I have often seen the life and liberty of citizens forfeited to the demands of a violated law upon evidence far less conclusive than that upon which so-called spirit phenomena asserts its being, and demands its right to candid, intelligent investigation.

In relating what I have seen on the supposed "borderland of a future world," I only ask of the reader the charity claimed by all, who, conscious of their own truthfulness and rectitude of purpose, do not hesitate to award it to their fellows. To those who doubt the deductions and conclusions drawn from the facts, I have something to say in the future in a spirit of friendly, courteous controversy, but with those who deny the facts related I will have none. The reader may not accept my inferences nor agree with my logic, but in charity, he will not condemn without investigating. There is a volume of wisdom apparently unrecognized by the theologians of to-day in the proverb of Israel's wisest king,—"He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and a shame unto him."

#### MY EXPERIENCE IN 1889.

During the month of August last I visited, for the third time, "The Cassadaga Lake Free Association." My experience up to that time has been published in a "Review of the Report of the Seybert Commission," and the narrations of occult phenomena therein contained were more than verified during my last visit; but time and the space allotted me will only permit a brief account of my investigation of so-called "independent slate-writing" at two interviews, with different mediums.

On Wednesday, Aug. 28th, I purchased four new slates at a store on the grounds. I took them from a box just received and opened, that probably contained a hundred or more. I selected those that had defects in their frames, and grainmarks in the wood, so that I knew they could not be duplicated by magic or legerdemain, and to make assurance doubly sure, I initialed them before visiting the medium. It was a bright, sunshiny afternoon. The room I entered was well lighted by two windows and two open doors; a common table and four chairs were all the furniture it contained. On leaves taken from a small pad on the table I wrote six interrogatories addressed to persons who, if the fundamental doctrines of the Christian churches are true, were in the "spirit world," but if not true, then they had long since been resolved into their original elements, and, of course, had lost their personality in the great sea of force and matter, from whose fathomless depths come all living organisms and all sentient beings.

I knew that in life they had been my friends; that two of them were endeared to me by the ties of love and kindred. I also knew that if the cheerless theories of a few prominent scientists were true, all our emotions were but the innate properties of matter developed by atomic affinities and combinations, and that if those combinations were disintegrated by death and decay, the emotions were dissipated and lived not in the memories and personalities of the past. If this theory was not true; if the sunrise of a new existence succeeded the sunset of death, I could see no reason in the philosophy of life why they might not give me some evidence

that they yet lived, loved, and remembered.

I determined that the experiment should be a test, absolutely free from all suspicion of fraud or magic. I knew that I was an expert in magic and legerdemain, and that deception from this source was very improbable if not impossible. And I also knew that the medium was not a magician. I folded the slips of paper lengthwise, then rolled them up into small pellets and laid them on the table by my side. I laid one slate on the table, the medium placed thereon a small fragment of pencil which I covered with another slate, and tied them together with my handkerchief. One of the interrogatories was addressed to an intimate friend who had in life been a member of our bar. He was well known among his friends by a peculiar and unusual appellative which for convenience in description I will call "Mark" my interrogatory was addressed to him by his full name, there being nothing in it that could suggest the appellation. When my slates were thus prepared, the medium who was at the opposite side of the table reached out his hand as if about to take hold of the slates, but before he had touched them he jerked back his arm with a spasmodic action, and exclaimed in an excited tone, - "Mark is here! Mark is here! and is very glad to see you." Then pausing a moment in an attitude, as if listening intently to some distant sound, he said: -

"Mark wants you to untie the slates, take out the pencil, tie them up again, with nothing between them, and he will show you something wonderful — that will astonish you."

I obeyed this direction,—untied—opened the slates, removed the pencil, re-tied them and laid them by my side out of the reach of the medium, when he continued in the same excited tone:—

"Mark wants you to lay the pellet containing the interrogatory to him on the slates."

I replied that I did not know which one it was. The medium answered:—

"He says, pick up anyone — you cannot make a mistake it will be the right one, even if you shut your eyes when

you pick it up."

I remembered that the leaf on which I had written the question to "Mark" had a corner torn off, as it adhered to the binding. I examined the pellets closely and seeing one that I thought was thus torn on its edge, I concluded that was the one written to "Mark," so I selected another that I was confident was not the one, and placed it on the slates. The reader will bear in mind that at this time the slates were placed out of the reach of the medium, he could not have touched them without passing around to my side of the table, which I knew he did not do.

I next laid the two slates on the table. The medium placed a small fragment of pencil between them as before. I laid my hand on one end of the slates, the medium placing his fingers on the other end; we sat for some moments conversing on the ordinary topics of the day; soon I distinctly heard the pencil writing between the slates—as certain am I of this, as I am that I am writing this sentence, and I am equally certain that it was not done by the medium, nor by any force known to science.

While the pencil was writing, I quoted a line from one of Tom Moore's poems, making an application to a person of whom we were conversing. In doing so, I misquoted one word in the line, believing at the time that I was repeating it correctly; as the last word of the quotation fell from my lips, the

medium excitedly exclaimed: -

"There, it is done! open the slates quick! be quick! open them!" I immediately did so and the inner surface of the lower one was covered with writing in several different hands, and at the bottom of the slate was written the quotation I had just repeated, in which the error I had made was corrected, while a word was changed and underscored with two lines, making the application I intended, and I am also confident that it was written as I repeated it, for there was not time, even for a swift stenographer, to have taken it down after I had finished it, before I opened the slates. It was signed by the medium's so-called control.

I then picked up the pellet I had placed on the other

slates, opened it and it was the one I had directed to my friend. I untied the slates and there was a complete answer to the interrogatory, the words written alternately, in three colors, red, yellow, and blue, as if done with artists' crayons. The answer commenced "My dear old fellow," exactly as my very intimate friend "Mark" usually addressed me, and as no other of my acquaintances ever did. The pencil writing on the slate which was on the table contained pertinent and characteristic answers to the interrogatories I had written; one of them referring incidently to the presence—in spirit life—of one whose death I was not aware of at the time, and only ascertained the fact on my return home. The medium could not have known this person or of her death. Observe, here was a fact related to me that was unknown to

either the medium or myself.

The next day I procured two slates as before and in company with a friend visited another medium—a lady—of whose occult powers I had heard many, to me, incredible relations. I told the medium that I would not prepare any interrogatories, but that I desired to make a test experiment for publication. I placed a piece of pencil between the slates, tied my handkerchief around them and suspended them from a lamp-hook in the centre of the ceiling, over a table. My friend sat at one side of the table and I at the other. medium was not at any time near the slates while they were thus suspended; she being seated at least ten feet from them, she asked me who I desired to come? I replied: "Anyone that can write on those slates, I don't care who it is or what they write." We sat for some time conversing on the topics of the day and place, when I distinctly heard the pencil moving between the slates. It seemed to be making marks, it did not sound like writing. My friend and myself distinctly saw the slates moving with a vibratory motion. Soon the sound changed as if the pencil was writing; we waited five minutes, when all sound having ceased, I removed the slates from the hook, opened, and on one were two artistically executed drawings, with a poem (?) of two hundred fifty words. poem, or more properly rhyme, in connection with the drawings, seemed to be a joke perpetrated at my expense as if in answer to my indifference as to who wrote or what was written, and it was so pertinent, or rather impertinent, that my friends who have seen it have no doubt but that the

"intelligent force" was well acquainted with my foibles, a fact which, on reflection, I can have no doubt of myself. The "force" was not a Burns, neither a Shakespeare, yet it certainly possessed wit as well as knowledge. There was evidently more truth than poetry in this occult literary production, and the fact of the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to my wounded vanity.

Observe, I do not pretend to be able to explain the phenom-

ena I have described, and shall not attempt to do so.

"I have only a round, unvarnished tale delivered." That I know is true in every particular, and I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so.

If there is a spirit-world, and a continuity of human life; if the historic relations of past events so universally believed by the Christian world are true; if the laws of life are as immutable as the source from whence they came; if there is indeed a "Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning," then the solution is comparatively easy. It is but a repetition of the phenomena, so abundantly manifested in the times of the early patriarchs, and that attended the life of the Nazarene, and the career of his disciples, and the apostle Paul but enunciated a scientific fact when he said:—

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, and

the glory of the one is not the glory of the other."

In this phenomena there is demonstrative evidence that the hope and faith of the Christian world are true; that there is a to-morrow for the human race, and that there is now, as of old, an intercommunication between the living and the dead, or rather that there is no death, only a change, from worm to butterfly.

I know that no conscious force of mine assisted in producing the phenomena I have described, and if we possess a mental and physical force that we are unconscious of, who

knows of its existence?

The unseen energy that directed the pencil and invisible crayons must have known its own origin, or at least whether it belonged to earth or spirit life; and why should it deceive by fraud and forgery? If it was the result of an unknown mental force that pertains to incarnate beings, it was, of

course, governed by natural laws, and it was apparently as easy to announce that fact to those with whom it communicated as it was to falsify and mislead honest inquirers.

If it was not "Mark" who answered the interrogatory, it certainly was some sentient power that was mentally his "alter ego," for it counterfeited his signature, possessed his memory and peculiar characteristics of expression, recognized

his friends, and asserted his personality.

What was it that wrote my quotation from Tom Moore, as it fell from my lips? Was it the unconscious cerebration of my own mind? Surely not, for it corrected my error. It knew what I did not know, while it perfectly understood the application I intended to make. Was it unconscious cerebration of the mind of the medium? Surely not, for he did not know "Mark," had never heard of him or his characteristic mode of expression. Was it a conjunction of unconscious brain action of both medium and myself, as Dr. Carpenter asserts? Did the medium and myself combine our mental forces in one "inextricable jumble" to deceive ourselves, and then write a falsehood and perpetrate a forgery on the slates? And if that was possible, what power moved the pencil when it was not in contact with our physical organism? Was it the "odic force" of Reichenbach, as a few savants assert? That is, did the mental energy of two persons; unconsciously to themselves, unite with the so-called "od" force of the German scientist, and conspire to commit a motiveless, cruel deception, when they could as easily have told the truth, explained the phenomena, and enlightened the world? The average thinking mind will fail to see why an unknown, intelligent energy that certainly can write, think, remember, communicate ideas, and assert its personality, should hesitate to avow its parentage?

I am not a philosopher but an old lawyer, accustomed to weigh testimony according to the rules of the science of evidence. I have no other "guide boards" to direct me on the pathway of investigation than those whose correctness has been accepted by the learned jurists of past centuries, and that in judicial tribunals always point with unswerving fidelity to the truth. If I cannot depend upon these, then am I like a mariner who is at sea, on a rudderless ship, with no chart, compass, or beacon light to guide him on his pathless course.

The laboratory of the scientist is not the place where the

question of the immortality of the human soul is to be decided. The alembic and retort cannot assist in its solution. It is true that with the microscope and the revelations of chemistry the savant may investigate the secrets of life in the lowest forms of its manifestations. He may see its faint movements in vegetable cells, in protophytes, infusoria, and protoplasm, yet it is life alone and not intelligence that he discovers. Force and motion he observes and recognizes, but not intellect. Between matter and mind is an unbridged chasm that as yet defies the skill of the scientific engineer. But the presence of an intellectual force can be determined by even the ordinary juryman on such evidence of its existence as he sees in his daily life. Certainly he can recognize human intellect in the witness box, even if it is manifested through the utterances of ignorance or mental weakness. Humanity has no known counterfeit in nature's vast domain, and when its characteristics are manifested to us in any intelligible manner we recognize them as easily as the banker does the genuine coin in general circulation. If this is not so then is human testimony of no avail, and the trial of a cause in court is but a "comedy of errors" where, under time-honored rules, men are unwarrantably condemned to infamy and death on the evidence of "erring human senses."

A few months ago I received a letter from "the land of the midnight sun." It was written by a friend of my early manhood. I had not heard from him for forty years, and although I no longer remembered his handwriting, yet I knew from the innate evidence of the communication that it was from the one whose name was subscribed thereto. I had believed that he was dead, yet from the memory of past events, and the peculiar style of their narration, with the mention of an appellation he was known by among his youthful companions, I knew that he was alive and had written to me. It seemed like an echo from the distant past that had come to me from beyond the ocean; yet I did not doubt its authen-A few weeks after I received another communication which purported to have come from "the land of perpetual life and sunshine." It had the same innate evidences of its authorship; it also narrated old memories, and was subscribed by the familiar appellation "Mark." It too seemed an echo of the past, but it came from beyond the grave. I knew that the Christian world believed that "Mark" yet lived, and I

did not know that the "mystic river" was wider or more impassable than the sea, and notwithstanding all that sage, servant, or sophist ever wrote, I could not if I would, resist the evidence that there was a to-morrow after the darkness of death, and that my friend lived in its sunshine of a new existence.

Truths are but nature's thoughts uttered through natural phenomena, and the experience of mankind recognizes that fact in the ordinary transactions of life. The humblest swain that guides his plough through the furrowed field is as confident of the truths related to him by the laws of nature, with which he is familiar, as the scientist is of those developed by the retort or microscope. He knows full well that the planted seed begets the ripened ear, and that the apple shaken from the limb will fall to the ground; and to prove these facts his testimony in our courts would have as much weight as that of a Grey or a Newton, although his dull mentality never thought of vegetative energy or the laws of gravity. He recognizes the voice of a companion who calls from an adjacent field, or the faintest sound of the tinkling bell of his wandering herd in the distant woods. He sees a blow given and returned in a personal conflict, and on the witness stand relates what he saw and heard, and his evidence is received by both court and jury with as much, if not more, confidence than would be that of a Faraday, who scientifically demonstrated that ocean steam navigation was impossible.

Science errs in her conclusions as frequently as do our senses, and when the latter tell us what they see, and hear, and feel, we cannot disbelieve them, because the former doubts. I have a slate covered with the familiar handwriting of my old friend "Mark." I recognize his peculiar mode of expression, and his memory of the past, and moreover I do most positively know that it was not written by physical human agency. I know that the most eminent divines and scientists believe in a future life for the human soul, and I also know that the combined wisdom of all the saints, sages, and scientists that ever lived, cannot prove that it is impossible for spirit life to return to earth. Therefore the logic of the evidence tells me that "Mark" yet lives, and until this is rebutted by clearer and conclusive evidence that he could not communicate with his friends in this life, I must trust the testimony of my senses and believe that he vet lives in "the

to-morrow for the human race."

## WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

WHAT is Religion? though a wholly natural and proper question, will doubtless strike the evangelical mind as unnecessary and impertinent. Religion has been so long and so habitually blended with Theology that the two are apt to be regarded as identical. Religion is technically thought to refer to the feelings and conduct of Man toward God; Theology to the existence and nature of God, and his relations to Man. But this distinction is popularly so little preserved, that the terms are used as if synonomous, to the inextricable misunderstanding and debasement of Religion. Religion really, whatever scholastics and casuists may say, has no connection, direct or indirect, with Theology. It is simply and solely the highest morality, and the rule of life: it was active, a principle of humanity, and potent for good, ages before Theology had been invented. This word is found in Plato and Aristotle, and applied to the authors of Theogonies, such as Orpheus and Hesiod. It was used also by ecclesiastic writers of the third and fourth centuries; but it never, as clerically maintained, had its present significance until the famous French scholastic Abélard employed it, in the eleventh century, to explain what he called the science of Christianity. But Theology in a broad sense, followed hard upon Christianity, though the term does not occur, it is said, in the New Testament, being visibly foreign to the holders of the early faith. The Fathers of the Church, as they are named, were all theologians, and from the second to the thirteenth century, exhausted their genius and learning in complicating and mystifying its original doctrines and plain morality. Africans, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Spaniards, representing different and distinct ages, they did everything in their power to interpret the unknowable, and explain the inexplicable, by a variety

of presentment. A curious study of mind and mood, of earnestness and zeal, of belief and theory, of racial conditions and peculiarities they certainly furnished; but to the cause of truth, in which they were vitally interested, they added nothing. Athanasius, Cyril, Irenæus, Origen, Augustine, Cyprian, Jerome, Justin Martyr, Lactantius, Tertullian, are great patristic names; but their voluminous writings, ascetic, polemic, and exegetical are of no practical value whatever. They, and all modern theologians, in an honest effort no doubt to illuminate and benefit true Religion, have only obscured and hurt it. Theology, instead of inspiring and strengthening faith in extra-mundane, supernatural affairs, has unquestionably weakened, and often destroyed its agencies. Albeit this is not a theological period, — in many respects the reverse of it, in fact—, thousands of ecclesiastics have not yet found it out. They continue to cast their tiny plummets into the unfathomable sea, in the vain hope of sounding bottom. They are forever trying, in their blind way, to convert skeptics, reclaim the fallen, divulge divine secrets, and are producing the opposite effect.

The Church, or Churches, have, from the beginning, been far more theologic than religious, and, by being so, have rather repelled than secured communicants. Roman Catholicism, whatever it may have been at the outset, has grown to be stupendously, completely, ineradicably theologic. It claims, of course, to have been primeval Christianity, but without valid argument, or aspect of speciousness. It has, like everything else, been evolved. Notwithstanding its assumption of unchangeableness and unity, it has had its full share of vicissitudes and schisms, and is destined to many more. But it has arranged its own history, machinery, and myths to its satisfaction, and presents to-day a magnificent system for controlling superstitious minds, and for confounding reason. It has been made responsible for many crimes which rightly belong to a cruel age; but it has more than enough of its own to answer for. The Church, as its arrogation is, now demands that all its dogmas, however untenable, shall be accepted on faith, unreserved and absolute. Nevertheless, in feudal times it stood, to do it justice, between the brutal Barons and the oppressed people, and thus greatly benefited Humanity. The Protestant Churches act much the same; but, as they do not pretend to be infallible, like the Papal See, they seem less wedded to superstition. They at least allow their members to read the Bible; but the Roman Church denies the laity this, and every vestige of freedom, and dominates them in the name of authority. So complete a spiritual despotism exists nowhere else. The fact that it can still exist, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, proves how easy it is to enslave the understanding of the mass of men by a parade of priestly bugbears. Wildly absurd as the Roman creed is, and passing comprehension that it should be held by millions, it cannot, as a mere theologic scheme for imposing upon the weak and timid, be too highly commended.

Why should any intelligent, independent mind revere any Orthodox Church as such? The Church, in one form or another, has generally arrayed itself against the cause of progress, against science, against reform of every sort. The advance of Humanity has ever been made in face of the fiercest opposition from defenders of dogma, and denouncers in synod and pulpit. Even when our Civil War was brewing, most of the Orthodox Churches in the North either defended or apologized for Slavery, and violently censured the few clergymen who had the manliness to speak against it. The Church has been the direct and moving cause of spilling oceans of blood, because of some theologic difference of opinion, when any opinion on the subject was worse than Hundreds and hundreds of thousands of men have been butchered for disbelief in some ridiculous tenet, invented by a fanatic monk, or distorted from original significance by the morbid fancy of some self-torturing priest. And this appalling savagery has been perpetrated in the name of Religion. All history, indeed, has been stained and disgraced with theologic infamies. The greatly exaggerated persecutions of Christians by Pagan emperors, in ancient Rome, are as nothing compared with the incalculable, merciless slaughters of Christians by Christians for the glory From the first to the seventeenth century, the bitterest and deadliest strifes among men have been waged about trivial variations in Biblical belief: the most atrocious cruelties have resulted from quarrels concerning the best way to get to heaven.

Still, even in those unenlightened days, Religion, though far less common, was very much what it is now. It long antedated Christianity, with which it has no sort of alliance. Socrates, Solon, Aristides, Brutus, Marcus Cato, Marcellus, Pelopidas were religious. Thousands of so-styled Pagans have been immeasurably more religious than thousands of noted Christians, some of whom have been canonized. Churches are continually concerned in regard to the heathen; but many of the heathen might with far more justice be concerned in regard to the Churches, which often practice the opposite of what they preach. Religion has no dependence on faith, or belief of the sacerdotal sort. The idea that it has is the bane of all Theology. Religion is practical, not in any manner theoretic. It may have an ideal standard to help and stimulate it; but it is occupied with deeds and facts, leaving cavils and subtleties to those who care for them. Faith, on which so prodigious stress has always been laid, which is considered by the Churches essential to salvation, is not, in any sense, a virtue. Its possession may be fortunate; may be good subjectively; but it is outside of the will, entirely beyond our control. It is, strictly, an accident; must, it should seem, be ascribed to temperament, for which no one is responsible; temperament, combined with circumstances, constituting what we call destiny. We are no more answerable for our faith, or our want of it, than we are for our stature, the color of our eyes, the shape of our nose. A man may wish to be six feet tall, when he is but five and a half; to have hazel eyes, instead of blue; to own a Grecian rather than an aquiline nose. But Nature will not gratify him. If he should be evangelically told that he would, in consequence, be consigned to perdition, he would regard it as a joke: he might, if lacking humor, become furious. But this is substantially what every man, without faith, is told by the Calvinists, who, naturally, cannot consider going to hell in the light of a jest. In truth, it may be doubted if they are capable of perceiving a joke, however transparent. If they were, they never could have subscribed to a creed so monstrous. Calvin himself was one of the gloomiest of mortals, which goes far toward explaining his doctrines. Conscientious, self-denying, intensely honest, a dreadful theology made him, as it has made millions, a barbarous bigot. If he could only have laughed, he might have been less inhuman: he might have spared Servetus.

If we have not faith, the priests aver, we should secure it

by prayer. The remedy is nearly as bad as the disease. To a rationalist, the very idea of prayer is preposterous. Accepting, for the moment, the theologic theory, that God, omniscient and omnipotent, created the universe, of which this world is so immaterial a part, He must then know what is best for man, without man's prompting or reminding, in the form of prayer. Imagine, too, the number of contrary prayers that are offered, and the perpetual dilemma in which the Almighty must be placed. That is impious, add the priests. To pray is a divine commandment: prayer is grateful to God as a sign of submission to his will, as an evidence of worship. His love of praise is insatiable. What could such a Being care for human praise, being eternal, all-sufficient to himself, the Author of everything? Would not prayer be the strongest proof of a want of faith in the Deity; as if he had made an immense machine, and could not keep it going without our puny and impertinent suggestions? In a subjective sense, prayer, it should be admitted, may be beneficial to a genuine believer in it, by relieving his mind, by predisposing him to a better life. But prayer in general is perfunctory, a part of the orthodox ceremonial only, an empty form, so often repeated as to lose whatever it might once have had of sacredness. Objectively (and here Theology insists on its efficacy), prayer is, to say the least, most incongruous and illogical, positively unthinkable.

As man is religious without Theology, he may be religious with it, or in spite of it. Belief in it does not, primarily, make him better or worse, though it must be very hard for him to square justice and goodness on Earth with what he is compelled to think justice and goodness in Heaven. How he can reconcile the discordance, and keep his sanity puzzles the understanding. Probably he does not try reconcilement. He brings his mind to bear on secular things alone, and thus improves his religious nature. On the other hand, many orthodoxists are harmed by Theology, and harmed badly. They are inclined to hold unconsciously, perhaps, that their ecclesiastic observances, their ceremonial practices, release them, in a measure, from the need of discharging moral duties. If they attend Church regularly, paying high rent for a pew, and subscribe liberally for foreign missions, are they not more apt to be tempted into taking undue advantage in trade, or into excusing themselves for neglecting obvious duties? If they are mercenary, do they not fancy, that, by giving money for new altar-cloths, bigger organs, and advanced pastoral salaries, they are buying a reserved seat in the best of the celestial mansions? Such communicants are permeated with a sense of their own interest. They often say about the evangelic future that they are not certain of the truth of their creed; but that, if they are mistaken, it will do no harm, and that it is well to be on the safe side. They

thus keep a sharp lookout for both worlds.

The mischief of the orthodox scheme, as originally presented, is that it appeals to the lowest feelings of humanity,—selfishness—and fear, which is only another form of selfishness. It cannot be otherwise when Heaven and Hell are put forward as the divine reward of piety, and the divine penalty of wickedness. We should, if deserving, be good for the love of good,—or the love of God as the Scriptures put it—not for the hope of recompense, or dread of punishment. No wonder that deeply pious souls, like Mme. Guyon, have wished that some mighty angel could turn extinguishing oceans into Hell, and apply a consuming torch to Heaven, in order that mankind might be virtuous for virtue's sake alone.

Lately, a disposition has been shown to ignore Hell, which the most rabid orthodoxists can hardly abide. But Heaven has been retained as a germ, notwithstanding the loss of its ancient caparisons. One is as grotesque as the other: the two are interdependent. The existence of Hell makes Heaven impossible, and the evangelic Heaven is childish.

Heathful minds refuse to believe God a monster or an egotist. They do not, and cannot, know what he is: common sense may tell them what he is not. The name is on everybody's tongue, and each has his own idea of its meaning. God is unknown, and unknowable. Only orthodoxists can conceive him to be personal; for instead of his making them as they assume, they make him, and paint him far blacker than themselves. The chief difference, indeed, between them and the rationalist is their belief in a personal God, and in conscious immortality. They think, "Do you believe in God?" an exact definitive question, and are surprised if told that it is entirely vague; may mean anything or nothing. He who does not believe in their idea of God, they decry as an infidel or atheist, which is an easy, evangelic method of emphasizing divergence of understanding. If their concep-

tion were true that God creates souls, knowing their doom by his prescience, and then damns them for fulfilling the purpose of their creation, would not an unequivocal atheist be a hundred-fold better than the most uncompromising believer? The whole plan of orthodox salvation is so destitute of consistency, justice, intelligence or reason as not to be worthy of entertainment by a rationalist. It would be supremely revolting, were it not so puerile. Obviously, it was concocted when the world was in its infancy, and was not designed for

its ripeness.

The Churches of the advanced order have recently permitted Jehovah to remain in the background, and have discreetly brought forward Jesus - no two beings could be more antipodal — as their Deity and exemplar. His life, as recorded in the New Testament, whether he be regarded as man or God — there is not the slightest probability that he ever claimed to be divine - is so grand and beautiful as to be a model for universal imitation. The advanced Churches, fearing the repulsive effect of lessons drawn from the Old Testament, now incline mainly to the precepts of Jesus. While they are insisting on his gentleness, his goodness, his self-denial, his unstinted compassion, they seem to forget how inconsistent is their preaching and their practice. If Christ should return to the nineteenth century world, and try to visit the fashionable churches of New York, Boston, or any of the leading cities of the country, how would be be Would he not be denied admission, in his plain garb, with his simple ways? The sleek sexton and his assistants would not consider him a gentleman - and he would not be such, as they apprehend the term. They would be afraid to show him to a pew, even if they should pity his pale, pensive face, and wearied air. He would form a strange contrast with the elaborately carved woodwork, the decorated ceilings, the stained-glass windows of the sumptuous interior. Those churches would be no place for him, and he would recognize the fact at once. Indeed, he would not go there. He was the first democrat; he would seek the poorest quarter of the town, and address himself to the common people. He would incur great risk of arrest as a tramp; but he who had been crucified would come prepared for rejection and He would not be put to death again — thanks to the growth of Humanity, in spite of Theology — but in his

incognito he would find the orthodox world remarkably unappreciative, if not inimical. It is to be feared that he would be forced to find shelter with the infidels and atheists, so designated. Orthodoxy and Jesus are irreconcilably dissentient, even at the present day; and yet the self-complacent orthodoxists are convinced that their correlation is

complete.

Religion has, by the spread of intelligence and education, the development of Reason and Science, so combated and modified Theology as to deprive it of its old power of harm. It no longer burns and tortures for opinion's sake (William Penn was one of the first to teach that men are responsible for their religious convictions to God alone); but it still delights to persecute, so far as it can, those that openly oppose its dogmas. Theologic hatred, grown proverbial, and theologic temper continue to be of the robustest fibre. It would scarcely be safe to leave the fate of a defiant rationalist in severely orthodox hands. He would not be strangled or poisoned, in all probability; but, if they could have full sway, they would make his days most oppressive. A good deal of the ancient spirit, though assuaged by a century or two of true Religion, yet lingers in the evangelic churches. clergy, for example, who assume to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, are commonly the reverse of meek or lowly, when any one controverts, however mildly or earnestly, the tenets of their creed. Amiable otherwise they may be; but in this particular, they are intolerant, intemperate, violent, often slanderous, venomously untruthful. All noted personages who have arraigned the Church; who have dared to differ from its ignorant or barbarous doctrines, have been foully defamed, and cruelly punished, when punishment was possible. The Vatican, which burned Giordano Bruno for the unpardonable sin of being intellectually in advance of his time, longs to burn him again, after nearly four hundred years. Even in our own day, the orthodox preachers of New England prayed that Theodore Parker might be speedily removed from life because he avowed sentiments of true religion. A braver, better, nobler man the century has not seen; but having aroused the demon of Theology, he could not be forgiven.

Theologic temper is visible in 1890, alike in the Pope of Rome, and in the smallest rustic clergyman. Nor is it to be

wondered at. Any man or set of men led to believe that they are explaining the word of God to the throng, thirsting for their explanation, naturally become spiritually arrogant, and intensely choleric, when some religious thinker, exposing their ignorance, puts their petty conceit in the dust. should not Theology, narrow, inflated, intolerant, and cruel, be the bitter foe of Religion, enlightened, tranquil, sympathetic, and benevolent? Theologians and orthodoxists in general may be, fundamentally, as good as other men. But they are limited, non-progressive, and their strenuous adherence to superstition impairs their better judgment, and gradually dehumanizes their views of the supernatural. Nothing is, or can be, more pernicious to the understanding than continuous cherishment of untruth. Orthodoxists sometimes say that their belief, even if unsound, cannot injure them. But it can, and does. Its tendency is degrading: it confuses and weakens moral ideas, the standard of right and wrong. If orthodoxists fail to suffer from their creed, they owe their failure to their temperament, capable of resisting even the

hideous dogmas they have been taught. Religion requires that a man should be a law to himself; thus reflecting the cosmic principle, the evident order of the The religious man aims to be pure, temperate, truthful, honest, sympathetic, humane, above all charitable. In whatever he falls short, as he is most likely to, for he has an ideal, he tries unwearyingly to do better. He has no dread of punishment here or hereafter: his conscience is his guide, his self-esteem his approval. He regards fear as a miserable, degrading, slavish passion, with which genuine manhood has no concern. He totally rejects the expression, "God-fearing," even in the mouth of the orthodox, and asks: "Why should any honest man fear God?" He seeks no reward, temporal or eternal, beyond satisfaction with himself, and the respect of his fellows. He lives for this world, hoping, perhaps, that there may be another, but neither knowing, nor pretending to know, anything about it. The supernatural troubles him not: he is conscious that it is inconceivable. Nature is enough for him.here, so long as he is here; he sees that we are constantly drawing out her secrets for the good of Humanity. What is behind Nature is, to him, as it is to all of us, an impenetrable mystery, which may be revealed when we are ripe for the revelation. This world and Nature

afford, in his eyes, ample scope for the fullest and highest

discharge of duty to ourselves and our race?

Man, he believes, is debarred from his best possibilities by trying to fit himself for two worlds,—one so real, the other so shadowy,—and to please a Deity, laboriously constructed by the evolution of superstition, which theologians declare to be Christianity. Humanity will, he feels, be vastly the gainer when we confine our efforts to its relief, its illumination, its advancement. The best preparation for the future is, to his mind, preparation for the present. If there be another state of existence, our proper dealing with this will qualify us for that.

Theology, though greatly modified, and inevitably doomed, is still a hindrance and a detriment to Religion, -first and last, the rule of life. Relieved of its grievous burthen, we see clearer, think straighter, act better. It is Theology to believe that one and three are the same; to afflict ourselves with the question whether we have committed the unpardonable sin; to decide the Biblical meaning of the Holy Ghost; to admit that bread and wine are flesh and blood; to concede that a thing is certain because impossible; to receive as divine ten thousand glaring absurdities. It is Religion to follow reason and truth wherever they may lead; to aid the poor and struggling; to stand by the weak; to minister to the sick; to bind up the broken-hearted; to protect the defenseless. It is, in brief, to obey the Golden Rule, which, near six hundred years before the birth of Christ, Confucius announced in the words: "Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

Paul's definition of theologic faith: "The evidence of things unseen, and the substance of things hoped for," is famous and revered. The New York child's definition of yesterday is more pertinent and practical: "Trying to believe what you know isn't true." Happily, Theology is passing. It will ere long be as obsolete and uninteresting as Astrology has become. Religion, as a consequence, is spreading fast throughout civilization. The two cannot much longer coexist in the same nature. The New Dawn has shown them to be as incompatible as Vice and Virtue, War and Peace,

Jehovah and Jesus.

# SOCIAL PROGRESS AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOP-MENT.

BY T. PARKER EDWARDS.

THE widespread agitation of the present is one of the hopeful signs for the future triumph of civilization, yet of the manifold plans and theories advanced, none seem to us adequate to meet the demand of the present condition of

society.

To us, the hope of the wretched millions who curse the day when they first beheld the radiant dawn, lies more in awakening the moral sensibilities of the people than aught else. Education along the lines of the man's spiritual nature, must be the key-note of future endeavor, if the prophecy of the optimist is to be crystallized into a practical reality. Let us not be misunderstood by Spiritual instructions. We do not mean dogmatic theology, which upaslike has cursed the ages; strangling the noblest impulses in the grandest lives of every generation. True Spirituality dwells in the radiance of a broad, all-incompassing love; for m point of fact, in the spiritual world love is to the soul, struggling upward, precisely what the sun is to life on earth.

Love is the law of spiritual growth; its presence in the soul dispels selfishness, even as the morning sun dispels the blackness of night; and it must be remembered that selfishness more than anything else, lies at the root of the misery of the multitude to-day. The conscience of the rich and favored classes has been so effectively lulled to sleep by the elastic platitudes of fashionable Christianity, that the day seems to have long since departed which witnessed the Church, in the front of the battle for the poor, the oppressed, and the downtrodden victims of society and circumstances, over which they have had absolutely no control. At present the pulpit too frequently essays to entertain those who dwell in palaces, and reck not of the people's want and woe, or the hour's great

demands. Had the Church recognized her divine mission, that of developing the moral nature and unfolding the spiritual element in men's nature, precisely as Science and research has developed and unfolded the intellect; had she addressed herself to the conscience of the people, holding up at all times the highest ideals and impressing the purest and noblest deeds, that have blossomed along the pathway of human endeavor; had she made the world feel and know the beauty of justice and honor, of charity and benevolence, of hope and courage; had she ever cultivated the profound reverence for truth and that freedom of thought that dares to search for the hidden treasure in the bowels of the earth, on the heaven-painted mountain side, or in the eternal galaxy of the heavens; -and on the other hand, had she always taught the responsibility man owes to man, and the enormity of the sins of immorality, of injustice, and indifference to the needs of the humblest of earth's children; we say had she kept this divine mission in view, and not lost sight of her true functions, society to-day would present a far different aspect. Then we should not find the thousands of men able to move in fashionable circles, who have wantonly trifled with the most sacred treasure known on this revolving ball, and shuffled off as a worthless thing, or thrown aside as a useless toy, a tarnished soul, once pure as a dew-kissed flower; nor would we find thronging our great cities, multitudes of men consumed with one burning desire, namely, to make wealth without the labor of earning it, to amass fortune, though they know it to be at the expense of the homes and happiness of their fellow men.

These merciless speculators, or legalized gamblers, who after wrecking the hopes and fortunes of thousands by cornering life's necessities, not unfrequently make donations to rich churches, or charitable institutions, seeming to imagine that if they help to support the ruined lives they have made, they will be justified in continuing to ply their nefarious trade. Often one of these rich idlers will throw to the starving a few crumbs of his wealth, as an anesthetic to quiet his conscience, which in spite of a settled determination to heed it not, nevertheless, sobs within the chambers of the soul,— within the hearing of the brain, and will not be comforted, because a wrong is being done other lives, which bringing anguish, and not unfrequently stimulating crime,

is also crushing out the divine principle in the soul of the evil doer. Here is a lesson that must be taught. The bribing of the conscience will never atone for a wrong committed; the whole course of life must be changed; the evil must be abandoned.

Again if the spiritual development had been as zealously taught as dogmatic theology, society to-day would not be honeycombed with that pious hypocrisy which upholds ancient error, and sneers at honest investigation; not from conviction, but for policy. We do not here refer to honest believers in any doctrine, but the fashionable followers of popular thought, who, when driven to the wall with arguments, confess their disbelief in the creeds to which they subscribe, and admit that their convictions are in perfect accord with broader thought. The Nicodemuses of to-day are legions; their influence for good, used on the side of light and progress, would be incalculable; they cringe before the broken shrine of error for business interests, or for caste in society.

Still further, if true spirituality had been inculcated by the church, the warring religious sects which fiercely regard each other, oftentimes the embodiment of hate, would have been an impossibility; for spiritual development rests on love, and world-wide good-will is as far from dogmatic the-

ology, as East is removed from West.

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Only hints are these of evil conditions which the Church as an ethical institution should have overcome; and which since she has forgotten her mission, falls to the individual to overcome; that society may be re-constructed on the lines This, then, seems to us to be the paramount of equality. duty of the hour. The education of the spiritual, or the development of every moral attribute in man's nature: and this work devolves on every one who has felt the impulse of a nobler life within his being; who has caught a glimpse of a holier state; or heard the rustle of angels' wings. We would not decry any of the worthy efforts that are being put forth to better the condition of the people, and reduce crime, and the temptations that lead crimeward; but in all this work we feel the vital importance of educating the soul of the people — of appealing to the conscience of mankind.

## UNGAVA.

#### A COMPANION IDYL OF MAMELONS.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### AFTER MAMELONS.\*

Thus did the Doom of Mamelons work out its dole. And leaving in her grave the joy of all his life, the fairest, sweetest woman of her race,—whose women were the glory of the world,—down from the Mound of Fate the Trapper came with heavy step and slow, as one who bears a burden greater than his strength, to where the tongueless Chief of Mistassinni stood beside his bark, his silent paddle in his

hand, and to him slowly said:-

"Old friend, in yonder sand my love lies dead. You helped me lay her lovely body down, where it must lie beyond the reach of loving hands forever. There, as she bade, I have kept holy tryst one night. She met me there. To that high crest where first the world was born, from silence and from starlight she came down and stood beside me. I saw her clothed in raiment like a queen, and all her beauty riper grown stood stately in her form, and shone resplendent out of face and eve. She told me things to be. And, as she talked, I heard the stir of thousands round her, and through the starlit air above the sands approving murmurs run; but long and lonely stretch the years 'twixt this and hour of meeting. Empty are my arms of that warm life that should be nestling in them, and empty all the world. With eyes uplifted unto mine, upon my breast her mother died. The chief I loved is dead. And now she, too, is gone, and with her took in going all the sunshine of the

<sup>\*</sup>Ungava is not in the true sense a sequel of "Mamelons," for that tale stands complete in itself. Nevertheless, the two are closely connected, and structurally united in a close companionship, as two of the principal characters in Mamelons—the Trapper and the old Chief of Mistassinni—are leading ones in this story, and in it are necessarily many allusions which are more plain and enjoyable to the reader if he has previously read Mamelons.

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world. You, now, and I are left alone. Two silent ones, for you are tongueless, and I with grief am dumb. We two are joined in brotherhood of woe. So in this bark of thine will you and I take seat, and you with silent blade shall steer it upward on the flooding tide of death-dark water,\* colored like our grief, between the awful cliffs, which, leafless as our lives will be, have stood in dead, gray barrenness from the foundation of the world. So, now, old friend, from this dread shore of Fate push off, and we will go, I know not whither and I care not where. We two alone are left, and till death parts us will we bide together."

So was it done. Slowly, without word or sign, the old chief lifted paddle and silently the light boat moved from that dread shore which for a thousand years had been the shore of fate, and through the whirling eddies, whirling strongly up and on the flooding waters black as their grief, between the monstrous walls of rock the silent two went floating up into the silence of unknown hap and hazard.

All day they drifted on in silence, until they came to where the Marguerite flows crystal over shining sands. Then the dumb helmsman steered his light bark inward through the current, flowing swift and clear. With skilful stroke he pushed it upward through the eddying tide until he reached that lovely bend where silver birches grow, and where a spring pours down its wimpling line of liquid music, singing through the grasses, until it, laughing, runs into the smiling river. Then, standing on the strand, he to his stricken comrade said:—†

"Listen, Trapper, to wisdom born of losses many and of many years. At Mamelons your love lies dead. Your thoughts are heavy and your heart is sore. The wounds of

\*The waters of the Saguenay are dark and gloomy to a degree unknown in any other river or body of water I have ever seen, and are noted, the world over, because of their peculiar sombre and sinister appearance. Looked at from above, they often seem to be as black as ink.

<sup>†</sup> The reader must bear in mind that the language of pantomime, or sign language, has been brought to a wonderful perfection as a means of communicating thought among the Indians of this continent. The ancient Greeks, as is known to all scholars, found it adequate for the purpose of full dramatic expression, whether of comedy or tragedy. They did not originate it, but borrowed it from older races and ages. The reading of the motion of the lips is also an ancient accomplishment, if such a word is allowable in connection with such an art or practice. Nor is it nearly as difficult as one might imagine to follow the pantomimist, and catch the sense of even subtle shades of expression. Some have thought that it is the earliest, as it certainly is the most vivid and picturesque, method of imparting human thought.

death are deep. Time is the only balm that heals its hurts, These two salve all and heal at last, if ever. and change. The island is no place for you or me. There sleeps her mother and there sleeps the chief. The house is empty as a nest when birds have flown and under snow the bough droops down. There will thy grief keep fresh and sore. Its ache will grow as grows thy sense of loss. Here will we camp to-night, and on the morrow northward will we go to far Ungava.\* Upon its sands and ice, in distant years, I fought and hunted. There, perchance, I may find some, who, scarred in those old fights and gray, remember me. If not, it is the same. Among the Nasquapees is one who knoweth all. He can call up the dead. † His eyes see backward and before. There is but one thing I would know. It may be he can tell it me. Here will we sleep to-night. Perchance in sleep some dream may come. If not forbid, to-morrow northward we will go."

To which the Trapper:-

"Old Chief, your years are many and your words are wise. The wounds of death are deep, and time and change and God's sure help can only heal. The island is an empty nest. The fairest and the sweetest bird these northern woods may ever know, has flown. She has found summer land. She will come back no more. The island is the home of graves. Some things are there for me to do. But they can wait. His kinsmen watch the house, and they are true. When out of years I have, by many sights and deeds and varying haps, carved calmness, and been strengthened, I will go back. I will not go till then. I, too, have seen Ungava, and have fought upon its sands, and stumbled on its blocks of ice, bloodwet. I will go north with thee, and hear again the

† This is an allusion to a famous prophet or high priest of the tribe, who, apparently, was the last of a long line of prophets, who claimed to have powers such as the Witch of Eudor possessed and exercised, when, if our Old Scriptures are to be credited, she called up the spirit of Samuel from the dead.

<sup>\*</sup> Ungava is the name of a large bay which runs deeply into the body of the continent near the northeast corner of the Labrador peninsula. It is remarkable because of its extraordinary tides, which rise to the height of sixty feet and more. Around it, formerly, the famous tribe of Nasquapee Indians—if they be Indians—had their home. Of these remarkable people I have spoken in my note concerning them in Mamelons.

<sup>†</sup> As is well known, the Indian is a firm believer in dreams as a method of mystic and valuable communication. From this old-time superstition no reasoning can turn him. He sincerely believes that the Great Spirit speaks directly to him in his sleep by their agency.

roaring of its tides, and hunt the seals beneath the fires that burn the end of the world.\* It may be that in action swift my soul will find its rest, and out of changeful chance forgetfulness will come, and scab the gash of grief now bleeding red, and scar it to dull pain. We will go north, and

bide together till we die." So was it done.

So went they northward, and for half a year did widely roam. Strange fortunes fell to them. They passed the sources of the streams that flow toward the south. They saw the forests dwindle down until the mighty pine was but a shrub. They visited old fields, where in forgotten years old fights had been, whose only record was scattered and white bones. They made them bags of eider, † and housed themselves in snow. They trapped them furs which gave them garments such as princes wear. They fed on meat of fish and fowl and animal, juicy and fat, cooked with a hunter's art. For bread they digged them roots, which deftly parched and pounded, yielded substance sweeter than the wheaten loaf. So roamed they through the north, through those wild wastes where trails are scarce as honor among men. One, seeking day and chance, if they still waited; the other, balm for wounds within, and that forgetfulness which dulls the edge of pain and makes it easier to be borne. So leisurely they drew their trail into the north as men who seek at random, or seek forgetfulness of selves; — that sweet oblivion or dim memory of woes.

So roamed they on. One night they camped beneath a hill, one of a range that stretched a hundred miles from east to west: a ridge of mighty bowlders, meteoric stones and rocks volcanic, treeless, soilless, a monstrous jumble of chaotic débris that might be monument above a ruined world.‡ There in wild labyrinth of desolation they made their bivouac. Before they slept, the old chief, standing in the camp-light,

signed :-

"Trapper, some evil fate is coming swift as death. Twice

<sup>\*</sup>The northern Indians will gravely inform you that what we call the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, are the reflection of flames which ever and anon rush out from the end of the world, which they hold to be forever in a state of combustion.

the Nasquapee Indians sleep in bags lined with eider-down.

Nothing can be imagined more desolate and dismal than this section of the Labrador peninsula. If Ignatius Donnelly's theory is correct, that a comet once struck the earth near what is now the northern extremity of the globe, one might easily imagine that, west and north of Ungava, he was standing amid the ruins caused by the awful catastrophe.

on the trail to-day I felt the ledges shake\*. I hear the sound of running noises under ground. The fire to-night burned blue, and talked. I smell a storm.† This is a wilderness of rocks. There is no trail. If sun should fail what eye might thread a passage through? I fear some fate is coming. What counsel do you give?"

To which the Trapper made reply:-

"Chief, lie down and sleep. The stars are bright. The sky is blue. No storm is coming. If it comes, we will bide in our bags. Two days at most will blow it out. Our food will last till sun comes forth. The rocks are jumbled, and all look alike. Who cares? We are not boys. Can you and I lose trail? That were a joke. Your nose is not a hound's. No storm is coming. Lie down and sleep. Let ledges shake. Unless they shake me out of bag, I will sleep on." So spake he lightly, and, muttering in his throat, the old chief crept into his eider nest, and like a duck within its warmth of feathers the two men slept.

That night the dreaded storm came down and such a storm no man had ever seen in all the North. Nine days it blew. Nine nights its roar was on the hills of rocks piled high as broken trees. Nine sunless mornings came. The falling fleece turned darkest night to gray. From out the north chaotic whirlwinds rushed, whirling in screaming eddies onward. The upper stillness, which, woven by the gods in silent looms, is folded like a downy mantle round the world as vestment cast by slumber over weary beds, was torn in shricking shreds and blown down the gale in strips of noise. The forest, like a man entombed alive, moaned, writhed, and roared, unseen. Hills into distance ran from sight. The streams stopped running and the lakes lay shivering, dumb, and black, beneath the ice that was itself invisible. The world turned gray, and through the whirling, eddying fleece the lenses of the eye reflected only falling flakes. Chaos had come again and all the earth was without form and void.

\* Earthquake shocks are not infrequent throughout this section. Some years the seismic disturbances are felt for months together, and searcely a year passes that one or more shocks are not experienced.

<sup>†</sup> Even many white hunters I have met in my wanderings have boldly claimed that the coming of great atmospheric disturbances was plainly interpreted by the nose. May it not be possible that the organs of smell, like those of sight, are much more acute in those who are "lone hermits of untainted woods" than in us who live from day of birth in smoky and foul atmospheres?

Amid the storm whose fury blotted out the world, the two men, blinded, faint from hunger, wandered on. Each day they groped for shelter; each night, burrowed under snow, awaiting death. All skill was vain; all courage useless. They felt that they were doomed. Twice had the chief refused to move. Twice had he fixed his eyes on vacancy. And twice the death song struggled in his tongueless throat. The Trapper would not yield. His heart was true as tested steel to bravest hand. It would not break nor bow to shock, however heavy. Twice had he rallied his old friend from trance for further effort, when, staggering onward round the sharp edge of a ledge, they slipped together and both fell through covering snow into a fissure yawning wide, and downward half a hundred feet they slid into a mighty cavern!

So, into shelter under ground, through God's mercy, had they dropped, when, blinded by the storm, and hunger-faint, they stumbled from the cliff, and fell. The cliff, a rounded bowlder nicely poised, had lost its balance as they fell, and, rolling after, lay on the shute through which they slid, huge and heavy as a hill.

Then spake the Trapper, as he staggered to his feet,

grimly jesting in the face of death :-

"Here are we safely housed, old friend, at last! Never did mongrel cur, chased by she-wolf, skurry into kennel faster. I fell with legs so wide apart that all the hillside followed. Its cobbles pelted on my back as I siid downward. I'll strike a light and see if we have host to welcome lodgers."

Then he struck light and to the wick of a short candle placed it; and as it kindled into blaze he held it high above his head and in the light it gave, the two men sought with earnest eyes the nature of the place, and whether it were

home or grave.

It was an old-time cave. Home had it been and grave, for those whose deeds and death are prehistoric. In ages lost to memory of men, man had been there before. Fleeing from sudden heat that blasted, or dreadful cold succeeding heat, or from that awful monster\* bursting out of distance into

<sup>\*</sup>Many tribes of Red Men have among them the legend of a great catastrophe caused by a comet striking the earth. The story or myth of a "flying dragon, breathing fire and smoke," is founded in all old literatures, and always connected with a vast ruin wrought on the earth. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a collision should not occur between the

northern sky, nigh where the steadfast star now sentinels the heavens, and breathing fires in volume wider than the world, rushed, tearing downward toward the pole, struck the even earth head on and knocked it from its level poise, changing its course forever, so burying all in ruin:—hither to this deep cavern had he with his children wildly run, and, screaming, plunged into it, as men to-day running out of fire with

garments blazing plunge headlong into saving wells.

There had he lived, there fed his hunger, worshipped God, wrought with his hands—and died. For, scattered here and there, were instruments of stone: a hatchet, flint heads for spears, and arrows sharpened with laborious pains. Brands too, were there, which once had glowed with fire for human need,—charred proofs of tribes and primal things, which any careless foot may spurn as worthless, and yet be older than the Pyramids. Amid the dust the foot disturbed were teeth of men and animals that lived in the forgotten ages. Searching through an inner passage, seeking outlet, the Trapper found a knife of bronze lying on the floor, its handle resting in the dusty outline of a human hand, and wondered if the breast that felt it last had been of priest or victim. Who might say? Who, who might ever tell the secrets of that dread place and symbol? Here, penned with death, for many days they groped and sat in gloom. At last the Trapper, feeling that death was nigh, said suddenly, "Old friend, our time to say farewell has come." Then for the last time lighted he the feeble wick, and, as it warmed, the small flame slowly grew until it globed with yellow light the central gloom. Then rose the Chief of Mistassinni, cast robe of fur aside, and grim, gray, and withered, stood forth to sight, and to the Trapper signed: -

"Trapper, we die a death of shame. We are not men.

earth and one of the many "monstrous and lawless wanderers of the skies." Nor is it inconceivable that such a collision in the remote past did occur. Assuming this to be true, many remarkable and now mysterious phenomena on the earth's surface could be easily explained. Kepler declared that "comets are scattered through the heavens with as much profusion as fishes in the ocean." Lalande had a list of seven hundred comets observed in his time. Arago estimated that the comets belonging to the solar system, within the orbit of Neptune, number seventeen and a half millions. While Lambert says five hundred millions are a very moderate estimate. And this, be it remembered, does not include these that are constantly pouring in from the infinite spaces beyond the limits of the solar system. When the multitude of the comets is considered, the wonder is, not that one has struck the earth, but rather that, if I may so speak, the earth has managed to dodge them at all!

We are as hedgehogs in a hole, shut in by ice. Here shall we die and rot, and be no more forever, - never see light of day, nor breathe the upper air. I am a chief. Before the Esquimau tore out my tongue and ate it, my voice was heard in every battle fought through all the North, and where it sounded men knew Death was there, and shrank. Only the Chief \* and you had fame so great. In feasts and dances, and when the stake t was struck, our names were linked together like three equal stars, and mothers of the Esquimaux hushed crying child with whispered mention of our awful fame. But dying here like starving hog in hole, I never more may see the lodges of my tribe t nor sit in council with chiefs among whom I am greatest. The battle will be set, and he I hate will live. And younger men will never know my fame. Do for me one more deed, far better than that one you did for me upon the ridge above the Saguenay when you did save me from the Esquimaux, and prove your love again. Draw now thy knife, and place its point betwixt the ribs that are above my heart, that I may lean upon it and die as warrior dies in battle under foeman's knife, and not be smothered like a hog in hoie."

And from his shrunken shoulders, haughtily, his blanket did he cast, and posed himself above the burning wick whose dying flame began to waver, that friendship might do for him

the deed he prayed for.

Then said the Trapper, speaking through the failing

flashes of the light: -

"Never before, old Chief, did friend in dying ask deed of me I did not do. But this I may not. I may not redden knife of mine with thy old blood. I am a man without a cross, § and such a deed I am forbid. It is not fit. superstition is not true. Out of this cavern filled with oldtime bones, we two will go at death into free air: thou to the lodges of thy tribes; I to her throne. Hunger has done its work, and we are weak. We will lie down and sleep as

<sup>\*</sup>Referring to the chief who was uncle to Atla.

<sup>†</sup> The stake around which the war dance is danced, and into which each warrior strikes his hatchet, thus signifying his enlistment for the war.

† An Indian believes that if he is smothered underground, his spirit will remain buried with his body, and never reach the Spirit-land, viz., that he will miss the blessing of immortality.

<sup>§</sup> A pure-blooded white.

|| Referring to his joining at death his beloved Atla, who in dying [see Mamelons], beheld herself elected by the gods to sit on the "last and highest throne of her old race.'

after battle, battle-tired. Sleeping, we soon shall pass to deeper sleep, and so to happy waking. Old friend, the light is going. Brief is our parting. Look. With this failing flash I give thee dying cheer, and bid thee long farewell." And with the word the light went out, and in the gloom of that old grave of prehistoric man the two men stood, lost to each other's sight forever.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### THE COMING OF UNGAVA.

So stood the two in darkness and in silence, waiting death. The one with Indian patience grim and dumb; the other, brave, high-hearted, revolving many thoughts. When, suddenly, the pulseless air moved with vibrations. The awful silence grew sweetly vocal, and a voice, clear-toned as silver

bell or flute, said, from afar: -

"Who speaks of dying and of shameful death? Whose voice bids friend the long farewell, and gives him dying cheer? No death is here, nor dying. Ungava comes!" And in the distant gloom, far down the caverned corridor, shone out a star, pure white, intense, illuminating all, and in its dazzling radiance, clothed in white fur from head to foot, a wand within her hand uplifted high whose point burned unconsumed, with face of snow, and eyes and hair of night's jet hue, floating on as vision seen in dream, there came — a girl!

So in the white light stood the three, and on the one the two did gaze with eyes that grew with wonder. No greater change might there have been had angel of the Lord descended to that cave to summon dust and bone of dead humanity to glorious resurrection. Then, rallying from first shock of vast surprise, the Trapper, awe-struck, said: -

"Shadow or substance. Spirit or flesh. I know not which strange vision, but by the living God I know that never unto man in deeper need did He send saving angel. Who art thou, thou who bearest name of wildest shore on the round earth, and of what world? Speak message out, and tell thy tale; for whether I be quick or dead, I know not as I look on thee."

Then, clear as bell or flute in evening air of summer, came the words, filling all the cave with sweetness like a song sung

by unseen singer: -

"John Norton, thou art known to me, for I have seen thee when a thousand miles divided. Amid the smoke of battle have I seen thee move when death went with thee, step for step. Asleep, at night, beneath the pines or at the base of rocks in strange wild places in the woods, above thee, sleeping, have I stood and warded evil from thee. Wild beasts and wilder men with nose of hunger and with eyes of hate, have I turned or frightened from thy couch, and in the morning thou didst wake refreshed and safe, as one who knows not that he is guarded. I am a spirit. This mortal frame I use, but am not of it. I am thy angel. Before his face that is forever veiled, I stand forever pleading. For every soul born into flesh has guardian spirit. Thine am I, and I have come in hour of need to save. Great service do I thee. Great service must thou do in turn for me. Here hast thou wandered into realms where, mid the ruins of a world collapsed, the arts and mysteries of that ruined world live on.\* My soul is thine. Thy soul is mine. We two are knit forever. So much I tell thee now. The rest shall be revealed as time moves on. My grandsire, after flesh, is Prophet of the North. He, child of the White God. This old chief knows my line, and therefore me. At Mistassinni did that At Mistassinni will it end. For he and I must sleep where his and my ancestors sleep, in that old cave where sound in constant council voices of the dead and spirit murmurings.†"

<sup>\*</sup>The prophet of the Nasquapee tribe or race—I incline to the view that they are originally of a different racial stock than the red Indian—held that the world had been wrecked by a vast and far-reaching catastrophe, and his race—all save a small remnant—destroyed by it. He also held that that old race, thus destroyed, was the custodian of arts and powers, mysterious and potent on dead and living alike, and that these had been originally taught them by "the gods"; viz., superior beings, who had come from some other sphere, bringing with them knowledge and powers "too high for mortal minds;" and that this fearful knowledge had been continued in his line, or caste, and was known to him.

line, or caste, and was known to him.

† There is at Mistassinni a celebrated cave, which is regarded by the Indians with the utmost reverence, awe, and fear. Not one of them will ever look at it to this day in passing. The reason of this profound feeling seems to be found in-their superstitious conviction that, from remote time, their dead chiefs were buried in it, as were also their prophets or sorcerers. It seems to have been the sepulchre of ancient days and people, for it has not been so used for a long time. They believe that the spirits of the dead hold their councils there, and that ghostly debate is constantly going on within its great chamber. I cannot ascertain that anyone has ever actually visited this

Then to the Chief she said:-

"Old Chief, above thy head a hundred years have rolled. Look with the eyes of many days. Behold, the first and last am I. Thou knowest fate, and its old voice. For, when the first White God did'st come from out of sea in boat not built by man, and, on the beach all wet and foul with brine and sand, was found by thy old sire, who then was boy, the prophet of your tribe did say, 'When girl is born instead of boy, the White Gods die.' Last chief of Mistassinni, here amid the ancient dead, the daughter of the White Ones, doomed like thee to end the line of glory, brings life and

gives thee greeting."

Then did the grim old Chief do mystic deed. There, standing naked to his waist, the Totem of his tribe in red upon his breast, he lifted hands of plainest pantomime. Thrice did he wheel the sun around the earth in stately motion. Then strung his bow, and from his quiver four arrows drew, and, breaking pointed heads, he shot the harmless bolts to south and north, to east and west. So saying, "Thy reign is one of peace, and over all the earth." Then from his head the horned band he took — that symbol of old sovereignty, older than earliest throne, \*- and from his wrinkled neck the string of savage claws, won in chanceful battle with the polar bear whose lightest blow is death, a necklace whose every pearl had come at risk of life, - and laid them at her feet. Then on his withered breast he signed the sacred sign, and in solemn pantomime took goblet filled

celebrated cavern, or has any accurate knowledge of its size or appearance. All that is known of it is that it was once the place of sepulchre, and is regarded with utmost fear and veneration by all the tribes of the North.

\*Horns, as symbolic of power and sovereignty, are, literally, older than thrones. Like the Cross—the old-time symbol of joy and plenty—they run backward in time beyond all interrogation. When or how the symbolic significance first arose, no one may ascertain. If there was no other evidence, the horns of the bison on the head-band of an Indian chief—for none save spits of the highest raph converse them, were then were the the wall received the save spits of the highest raph converse them. save chiefs of the highest rank can wear them - would prove that the red men of this continent belong to the primeval races. As the Trapper would say, "That is a sign that cannot lie!"

say, "That is a sign that cannot lie!"

† The string of bear's claws round the neck of a chief is the highest possible proof of his skill, courage, and rank, since every claw in the necklace must have been taken from a bear that he with his own hand—unassisted must have been taken from a bear that he with his own hand—unassisted by any—had killed. When it is remembered that the Indian had no weapon save his arrows, his hatchet, and his spear, some idea of the strength and courage required to secure such savage trophies can be formed. It takes a man of supremest nerve and courage to face a grizzly or polar bear with a Winchester to-day. What, then, must be thought of the stout-heartedness of one who, alone, and armed only with such feeble weapons as the native Indian had, would bravely attack these monstrous animals? Verily, no braver race of men ever lived than the red Indian of this continent. no braver race of men ever lived than the red Indian of this continent.

with water and poured \* it on the ground. Then stately

stood, and signed:-

"Child of the Gods that were as snow! Daughter of Power and Mystery! Queen of Spirit-Land, whose coming in the flesh before I died, and going with me to the grave, was told a hundred years ago when I was born! Ungava! I, Chief of ancient times, about to die, salute thee! For the same Voice that spoke thy fate, above me, sleeping in my father's tent, did say: 'This boy, a chief to be — the last and greatest of his line - shall die in battle with his foe upon the sands of wild Ungava, when from the White Gods shall be born a girl that bears its name.' So art thou known to me and so I know my foe still lives, and day and chance will come. Trapper, 'tis well thy knife stayed in its sheath, for now I know I shall not die like hog in hole, but like a warrior on the bloody field, with sound of battle in my ears, my foe beside me, and the dead in heaps around. So, like a chief shall I take trail that leads me into Spiritland."

Then, after a pause, the Trapper spake:-

"Ungava, such boastful words are vain, and vain this pantomime of worship. The light of heaven never will he see, nor foe, nor battle red. Here we are penned with death. Through veins that never shrank before, a chill creeps on, and all my frame is weakened of my power. If thou art able, lead me from this dreadful place filled with the smell of graves and dust of mouldered men, to where my eyes can see the sun once more and to my nostrils come the wind that bloweth strong and pure; and, whether thou be witch or woman, soul or flesh, a living sweetness or the mate of death, to me thou shalt be angel evermore."

So spake the Trapper with clear tones. To him Ungava listened as wanderer listens to sweet song sung by familiar voice through dewy air to him home-coming: -- a song that tells of love and home and peaceful days that have been his,

and shall be his again forever. Then to him said:

"Fear not. Thou shalt see sun again. Upon thy face shall blow the wind that bloweth strong and pure. I am queen of under and upper world. The earth is hollow, and

<sup>\*</sup> The Indians of the Labrador peninsula present to the student of their habits and customs the curious spectacle of being both Christian and pagan, and in an equal measure. They will receive absolution at the hands of the priest, and the next instant engage with equal sincerity in an act of superstitious worship.

its outer shell is cracked with passages like the ice. I know They are blazed trails to me. At touch of mine they flame with light far brighter than the sun. I know the under ways, - a labyrinth of passages which are to others endless as those tangled circles where the wicked dead go wandering, vainly seeking end of doom and the warm light of upper world, whose loves and light they forfeited by evil deeds. Through these I will guide safely on to where my grandsire sits whose eyes have seen the coming and the going of three times fifty years; who knows the arts and mysteries of lost worlds and ages, and has power on dead and living. Nor fear the chill that bringeth death, nor that dread weakening which has shrivelled up the full-veined strength that in thy frame was born, that I have seen go forth in battle mightily, until I veiled my eyes in horror at the redness of thy path amid the bodies, even as my soul, admiring, leaped, glorying in thy power. Here in this vial, cut from crystal under pole, where, vibrant, quick with living sparks, glows that electric force which is of Him nor man nor spirit ever saw, who rules the universe He made, and is forever making by-laws that work forever, — the great I AM, - is vital liquid, which, were you dying and one drop was laid upon your tongue, you would rise up strong as a giant. Thus with my finger, moistened with this living essence, I wet thy bloodless lips, and thine, old withered Chief, and Twice twenty leagues we go through bid ye follow me. warm and cold, this way and that, through crust of earth cracked into fissures when the fire-breathing Dragon \* of the-North, whose tail was wider than the world, struck it head on, until we come to where my grandsire waits to show us, ere he dies, things that were and things that are to be. Come on! Come on! I am thy angel, Trapper! Follow thou the light that burns because I will it! Follow me, and fear not! I am Ungava!"

(To be continued.)

<sup>\*</sup> The breadth of the tail of the great comet of 1811, at its widest part, was nearly fourteen millions of miles: the length of it one hundred and sixteen millions of miles. The earth, remember, is only seven thousand nine hundred and forty-five miles wide. If the tail of such a comet as that of 1811 should sweep over our globe, it would not be large enough to make a bullet-hole in it!

## PRESS COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY ARENA.

The Arena is bound to become the leading serial in America, in its especial school of letters and of ethics.— Quebec Morning Chronicle, Feb. 1.

The Arena has been published only a few months, but we daresay its success is already assured. It gets better and better every month. The February number is superb.— Times (Danville, Va.)

The Arena is a new magazine, which has recently begun its career in Boston. It is a handsome and well-edited review, and sure of success. It is full of mental vitality and breadth of thought.— Peabody (Mass.) Press.

It has made more hits in its first three numbers than any other new periodical of its kind published during the last dozen years during the same length of time.—Boston Herald.

THE ARENA is doing much better than anybody expected. Its sales are ahead of the *Forum* on nearly all the book counters, and on many it is ahead of the *North American Review*. — *The Newsman* (New York).

THE ARENA, the new Boston review, has at once taken a commanding position among that class of publications. The contents of the February number are especially interesting and attractive, illustra-

tions of superior merit being introduced as a new feature.—State Gazette (Trenton, N. J.)

The February Arena fully maintains the bright promise of the preceding issue and in many respects surpasses them. This is noticeably the case in the uniform strength and ability of the contributions as well as the rich variety of timely subjects treated.— The Union (Sandusky, Ohio).

The Arena for February is a conspicuous example of a good magazine. It is solid, substantial, entertaining and handsome, although its third number has only been reached. It displays such a remarkable degree of excellence that it can be commended earnestly as a publication that should occupy a most prominent place on the library table.—Evening Dispatch (Columbus, Ohio).

The February Arena, the present number of this pronouncedly broad and vigorous magazine falls not at all behind its predecessors. There is a fearlessness in its attack on time-honored prejudices, on self-seeking well-to-do conservatism, on respected and old-established injustices that stir up an interest even in those readers who do not regard themselves as being in sympathy with some of the movements and doctrines advocated.—Paladium (Richmond, Ind.), Jan 30.

Ranks with the Forum as a leader of profound thought, and even exceeds the latter in the breadth of that field as well as in a greater sympathy with the vital questions of the day. The editorial pages show a breadth of mind and a clear perception and appreciation of the moral and social problems of the hour, that alone light the magazine with a prophetic glow.—Opinion-Outlook (Des Moines, I.wa).

The February number of The Arena, which is the third issue of this excellent magazine, is just out upon its first publication. It jumped at once into public favor on account of its ability and courage. The present number is not one whit behind its predecessors, and has the advantage of several illustrations of an excellent kind. The whole forms a powerful contribution to the exposition of matters of current interest.

— St. Catherine's (Ont.) Evening Journal.

It was not to be believed there was a new field for a magazine after the long period of development and competition in this class of literature. But THE ARENA is not an imitator. It gives us a new idea and a most acceptable one of the worthy monthly. It is a literary review; it furnishes discussions of scientific, social, and political problems by the ablest writers, and it purveys to popular appetite for personal reminiscence without sacrifice of actual and permanent value in its every article. - Gazette and Courier (Greenfield, Mass.)

THE ARENA for February, the third number, keeps well up to the

standard set by the preceding issues. It is a capital number.—Standard Union (Brooklyn, N. Y.), Feb. 1.

THE ARENA must undoubtedly be ranked with the great reviews of the day. The February number contains something of interest for every class of thinkers.— The State Republican (Lansing, Mich.), Feb. 1.

The new Boston monthly, The Arena, has come to the front in the most surprising manner, and evidently intends to hold permanently the advanced position it has secured.

— Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald, Feb. 2.

The Arena, the new Boston review, promises much. It struck twelve at the first stroke. It is more liberal than any of the older reviews, and its articles are of as high a grade as theirs. — St. Louis Magazine.

The Arena is awakening profound interest among the trained thinkers of the nation, as also among the greater number whose pleasure it is to read and reflect upon the thoughts of the few leaders. — Saturday Opinion (Pueblo, Col.)

We can but say that THE ARENA is thoroughly established in the ranks now. This, its third number, is equal to the preceding ones and each article varying so widely in character to the other will be read with interest by its already many friends.— Burlington Hawkeye, Feb. 2.

The third number of the new Arena of Boston is out. For a comparatively unheralded monthly—only three numbers old,—The Arena has created a profound sensation and is much sought by the brainy class

of readers.—Mail and Times (Des Moines, Iowa), Feb. 1.

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The new Boston Magazine, The Arena, the February issue of which is now out, is making a place for itself in current periodical literature. It has left the beaten path trodden by its contemporaries and marked out a line, which, if followed closely, will put it in the front rank. Thus far, everyone of the contributions appearing in it has been of high merit and interest.—Chicago Daily News, Feb. 1.

The Arena for February has been received and, like the two numbers that have gone before it, is a grand and satisfying production, and serves to complete a very notable number of what is bound to be one of the most popular monthlies printed in the English language. Evidently, The Arena has come to stay.—Saturday Tidings (Buffalo, N. Y.), Feb. 1.

A review which promises to take second rank to none, is The Arena, which made a most auspicious début into the literary world, in December last. Its third number, the February issue, is received and a glance at its contents convinces the reader that the high standard noted in its first number is fully sustained. The February Arena should find its way into every home where the problems of the day find an interest. — Duluth (Minn.) Daily News.

THE ARENA is the youngest of the great reviews, but it is a young giant magnificently equipped to make its way into the favor of men and women who have brains constructed for

thinking purposes, and who enjoy the company of the greatest intellects of our day and generation. The February issue is but the third number of The Arena, and yet this nobly endowed candidate for the consideration of reading people is known from ocean to ocean.— Chillicothe (Ohio) Leader, Feb. 1.

THE ARENA for February is a brilliant number and will strengthen its claim to a place among the leading reviews. — Verndale Journal (Verndale, Minn.), Jan. 31.

As an educator of free thought and speech it will prove an invaluable and much needed want in this nineteenth century.—National View (Washington, D. C.), Feb. 8.

THE ARENA is fast gaining a foothold upon the literary field wherever English is spoken.— The Occident (Chicago), Feb. 7.

All who have read this excellent monthly speak loud in its praise.

— Daily Call (Greenville, Mich.), Feb. 6.

It is a condensed cluster of intellectual gems, and has already achieved a deserved popularity. — Shreveport Times, Feb. 4.

It contains more brilliant and able articles than any other magazine published in this country.— New Jersey Patriot (Bridgeton, N. J.), Feb. 7.

The Arena has at once established for itself a noticeable place among our monthlies. — Wisconsin Journal of Education (Madison), Feb.

### NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ONE of the leading features of the April Arena will be a masterly argument by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, on "Religion, Morality, and the Public Schools." For grasp of fundamental principles, for clearness of analysis, and for conclusiveness of argument, this paper surpasses anything yet written on this subject which has come to our notice. It should be read by every thinking American. Mr. Savage is always strong, but we do not remember ever having read anything from his pen which can compare with this great argument.

BISHOP J. L. SPALDING has prepared a review of Col. INGERSOLL'S paper on "God in the Constitution," which will be read with interest by his many admirers. The Roman Catholic Church in America possesses few writers as able as Bishop Spalding.

The Rev. George B. Cheever, whose paper opens in this issue, is the well-known divine who, as pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, which stood where Tiffany & Co.'s establishment now stands, was a prominent figure in war days. He is one of those sturdy men who would gladly die for what they believe to be a truth. Fifty years ago Dr. Cheever was imprisoned by a distiller in Salem for writing and causing to be published "Deacon Giles' Distillery; a Dream." He has now passed his four-score years. His next paper will be on the "Eternity of Punishment." In the same issue another great divine, Rev. W. E. Manley, D. D., will enter The Arena, discussing the same problem with the same weapons, viz.: Bible texts, and endeavoring to show that the Bible does not teach eternal punishment. Dr. Manley has read the Bible in twelve different languages, and is a profound Greek and Hebrew scholar; he is also past four-score years. Such a contest will be one of the most impressive known to modern magazine literature.

WE call attention to Dr. Howard Crosby's able review of Mr. George's paper on the "Rum Question." This paper will be followed by one from the pen of Dr. Henry A. Hartt, of New York, in which he urges still another remedy for the problem of intemperance, free rum. Prohibition and high license have now had a hearing. Dr. Hartt's measure is radically unlike any of the above, yet it will appeal to the thinking reader with much force.

"A SYMPOSIUM on White Child Slavery," containing the views of leading workers and thinkers, will be a feature of an early Arena.

FLORENCE KELLEY WISCHNERVETZKY, a daughter of the late Congressman Kelley, has written a paper for The Arena, entitled "A Century of Retrogression," which is well calculated to make people think.

Who wrote it? The "Glory of To-day," the first paper in our No-Name series, the author has contributed to the Forum, North American Review, the Atlantic, Harper's, Lippincott's, Overland, Cosmopolitan, and other leading magazines. Who is he? The reader who first sends us his correct-name will receive The Arena for one year free. All readers who send the correct name (one name only being sent) will receive free the April Arena. We trust this series will stimulate the general reader to study the characteristics of each writer's style as well as the thought expressed.

PAUL BLOUET, the eminent French critic, journalist, lecturer, and humorist, better known in this country as Max O'Rell, is preparing a paper for an early number of The Arena on "A Frenchman's Impression of Chicago." Mr. Blouet possesses, in an emi-

nent degree, brilliancy of thought, delicate humor, sparkling wit, with that "refinement of expression" which is conspicuous by its absence in the writings of most of the humorous writers of our day. His paper will be a rare treat, and will be one of a series of really superior bright, witty contributions which will lighten the pages of The Arena.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made with a number of the brightest and most able writers on the other side of the Atlantic to contribute to The Arena, announcements of which will be given in early issues.

We desire to call attention to H. H. GARDENER's paper in this month's Arena on "Divorce and the Proposed National Law," this being the first paper of a series which discusses this great problem from a broad and liberal standpoint. H. H. GARDENER will be followed by ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, who, in turn, will be followed by Rabbi Schindler, who presents views radically different from most writers who have written on this theme.

ERRATA.—Page 305 and 307 (February, 1890), instead of I. S. Tasinski, read I. S. Jasinski.

We shall shortly publish an interesting paper prepared for The Arena by Hon. John H. Keatley, late U. S. Judge for Alaska. During his stay in Alaska, when not engaged in official duties, Judge Keatley made a careful study of the resources of this territory, also of the habits and customs of the natives. His paper on the "Gold Fields of Alaska" is very entertaining and instructive, as comparatively few people have any conception of the nature and extent of the mineral wealth of this section of our country's possessions. It is the intention of the editor to publish, from time to time, papers prepared by leading thinkers on the resources of various regions of this country. Judge Keatley's paper will open this series.

"THE COSMIC SPHERE OF WOMEN," a paper of unusual strength by Prof. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, will appear in an early issue of The Arena. Prof. Buchanan writes more for those who are thinking ahead of the age, and those who think deeply, than for the superficial reader.

"THE GLORY OF TO-DAY." — Who is the author? A well-known magazine writer, one of the numerous able contributors to The Arena, whose names appear below:

Rev. Minot J. Savage.
Dion Boucicault.
Rabbi Solomon Schindler.
Rev. R. Heber Newton.
Robert G. Ingersoll.
Gen. Clinton B. Fisk.
Henry George.
Laurence Grönlund.
Mary A. Livermore.
Helen Campbell.
Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan.
Rev. C. A. Bartol.
Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
W. H. H. Murray.

Joaquin Miller. Rev. Howard Crosby. Hugh O. Pentecost. Edgar Fawcett. N. P. Gilman.

Robert W. Hume. Judge John Keatley. Abby Morton Diaz. Hiram M. Stanley. W. E. Manley, D. D.
Louis Fréchette.
Junius Henri Browne.
Helena Modjeska.
Stephen M. Allen, A. M. L. B. F. P. S.

Stephen M. Allen, A. M., L.L. B., F. R. H. S. Hon. A. B. Richmond. Emily Kempin, LL. D.

Felix L. Oswald, M. D., Ph. D. Prof. S. P. Wait.

George B. Cheever, D. D.

Carlos Martyn.
H. H. Gardener.
Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Rev. Walter Elliot.

Florence Kelley Wischnervetzky. Chas. Henry Phelpse.

Richard Hodgson, LL. D. James T. Bixby, Ph. D. Edwin D. Walker.

Edwin D. Walker. Jennie June.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell). Hudson Tuttle. Bishop J. L. Spalding.

Canon W. H. Fremantle.

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